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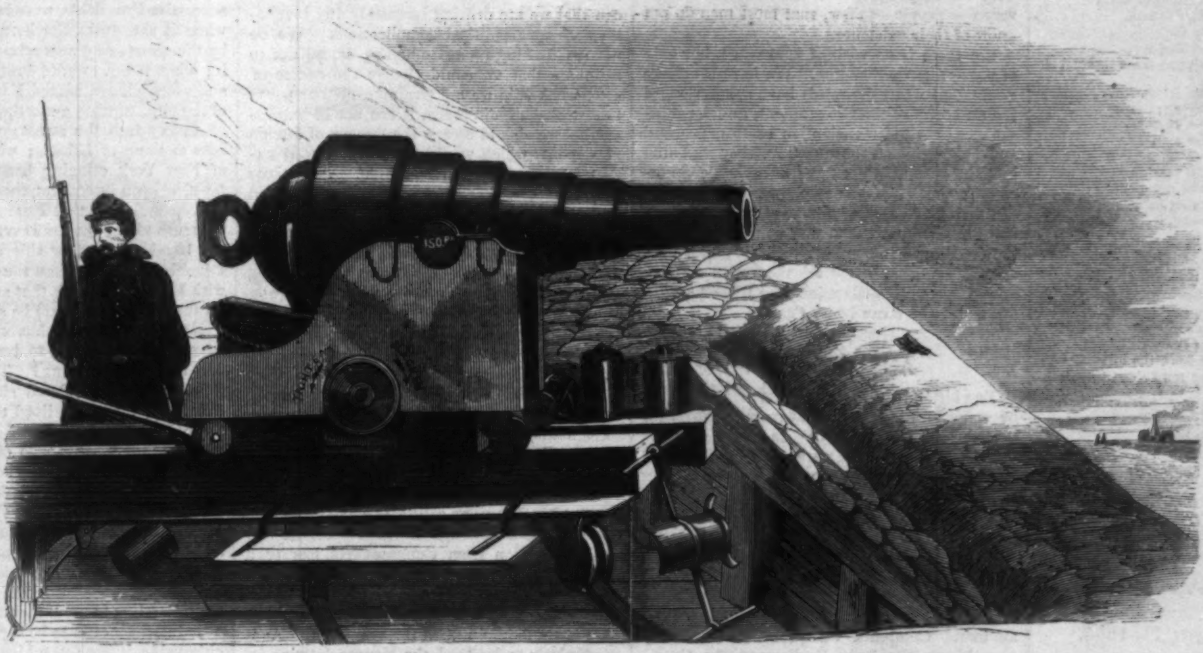
ARMSTRONG GUN.

IN Fort Fisher our army found a splendid 150-pound Armstrong Gun, weighing 15,739 pounds. Upon it was this inscription: "Sir W. C. Armstrong & Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne. No. 19." This was quite evidently a present to the rebels from some prominent British gentleman, if not from the inventor himself. Great care had been taken of it, and General WHITING gave especial orders that it was not to be fired except under the pressure of necessity. It had the appearance of having been recently mounted. The gun is bronzed, and mounted on a mahogany carriage highly varnished. The whole piece is finished in the finest style. It was fired a very few times during the action. During the confusion attending the occupation of the works by the Union troops some mischievous person stole the sights. The Armstrong guns are manufactured exclusively under the auspices of the British Government, and Admiral PORTER, in his official report, states this fact as if it were a conclusive proof that the British Government, or some one high in authority, had presented the gun to the Confederate Government.



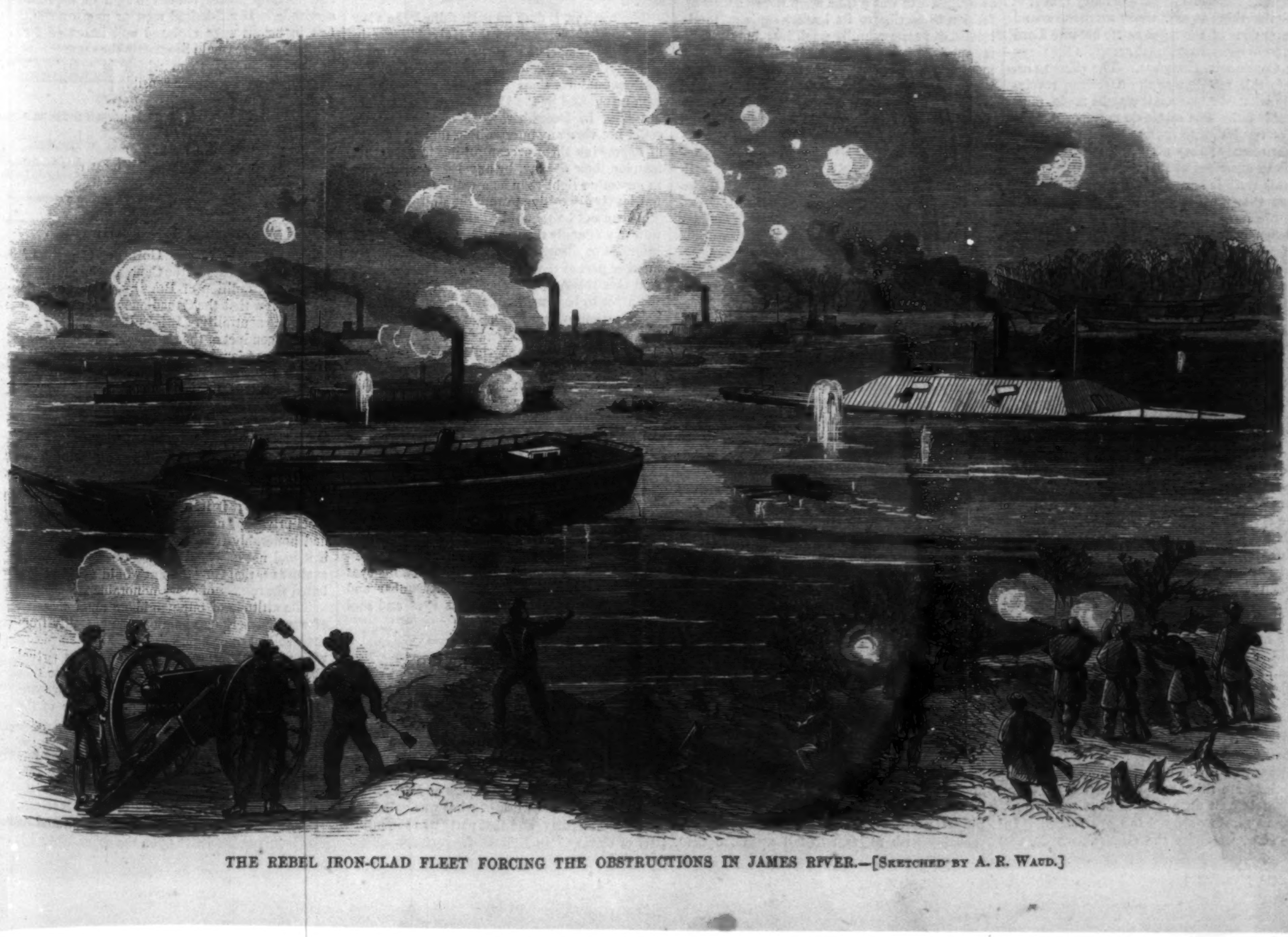
150-POUND ARMSTRONG GUN CAPTURED AT FORT FISHER.—[SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE great military event of the week was the attempt made by the rebel iron-clads on the James to descend the river past our obstructions on the night of January 23. Hints had been given out that General LEE was about to do something that would astonish the world. The design of this iron-clad raid was as bold against us as it was perilous to the vessels engaged. The blow was mainly directed against the army on the north side of the James. The rebel fleet, after passing our obstructions, was to recapture Fort Harrison; and it is likely that a raid on City Point was also in contemplation. The object is thus stated by the Richmond *Whig* of January 25:

> "The expedition of our iron-clads down the river had been designed to break the enemy's pontoon bridges, and thus destroy his communications, and to take advantage of the ascertained fact that he had withdrawn most of his naval force from the river, probably to Wilmington, leaving but one iron-clad and some wooden vessels in the channel above Varina. There was also reason to suppose that the recent freshet had washed out a portion of his line of obstructions."

At least three iron-clads—the *Richmond*, *Virginia*, and *Fredericksburg*—were engaged in the raid. These were accompanied by the *Drewry*, a small wooden gun-boat, mounting one gun. This boat got aground, and was blown up, either by the enemy or by a shell from our batteries.—The *Fredericksburg* is said to have passed the obstructions successfully, but this is uncertain. At least it is doubtful whether, even if they succeeded in passing their own obstructions, they found it so easy to pass ours. The rebels only claim that one iron-clad, the *Fredericksburg*, succeeded in getting through. The *Virginia* and the *Richmond* got



THE REBEL IRON-CLAD FLEET FORCING THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN JAMES RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

aground, but escaped at high tide. The land batteries prevented the success of this raid, the most prominent among them being the Curtis House Battery.

MISSING.

Boom! boom! boom!
'Twas the sullen signal-gun;
And through the early morning gloom
It pealed like the trump of a dreadful doom;
And the tired sleeper woke with a start,
And wondered what should be his part
In the tragedy that must soon begin;
Whether the Right should lose or win,
And where he should be when the day was done.

But his reverie could not last:
"Fall in! fall in!" was the cry;
And with one thought of the happy past,
One glance that was suddenly, lovingly cast
At a picture that nestled close to his heart,
A glance that made the warm tears start,
One breathing of prayer, one cheery word
To the mustering ranks, he grasped his sword
And sprung to the front to do or die.

Then a hundred cannon roared,
And a hundred bugles blared,
And over the ramparts the heroes poured
With bayonet fixed and flashing sword;
And across the plain, where the storm of death
Came sweeping down with its fiery breath,
And up the hill, where the surly foe
Like an ambushed lion was crouching low,
They marched, tho' they knew it was death they dared.

His voice was steady and clear,
His heart was cheerful and strong;
In his face there lingered no line of fear,
The fire in his eye had dried the tear,
And cheerily rung his word of command
As he shouted back to his gallant band.
They were falling fast, but he did not quail,
And steadily up, through the leaden hail,
He led his confident braves along.

Right up to the rampart grim
Where the rebel flag was floating;
Right up to the awful crater's rim
The sturdy veterans followed him.
"Forward! boys, forward!" they heard him cry;
Then a blast of death went howling by,
And when it had passed *he* was lying still,
And his braves were staggering down the hill,
And the air was rent with the rebel shouting.

Oh, who can tell the rest?
Is he lying silently now
With the frozen clods above his breast?
Alas! God knoweth what is best;
But better, far better, our poor hearts say,
To pour out his life in the fiery fray
Than slowly to die in the loathsome cell
Of a terrible Southern prison hell:
God knoweth the best—to His will we bow.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 11, 1865.

PEACE AGAIN.

THE gentlemen who find comfort in the visits of Mr. Blair or of any one else to Jefferson Davis or any other rebel, must not suppose that they monopolize the wish for peace, nor that those who estimate such visits at their exact value are an extreme war party. Neither need they delude themselves with the fancy that it is a profitable thing to send secret agents to sound the intentions of the rebel chiefs because Lord North sent commissioners to ascertain the views of the Continental Congress. The effort to assimilate this rebellion to the American revolution, in whatever manner it may be made, must inevitably fail. The rebels do not appeal to the right of revolution to redress wrongs otherwise without remedy; they plead the right of secession to be exercised at their discretion.

If this truth is borne steadily in mind it will be seen that the difficulty is one that does not admit of compromise or terms of surrender. It is a defiance of national sovereignty, based upon a different interpretation of the fundamental law. There can be but two parties: the party of the national sovereignty at all hazards, and the party of its enemies. A third party is impossible, because there can be no compromise of supreme sovereignty. It may be sacrificed, it may be reduced, but then it becomes another thing. It has ceased to be supreme. In our case it is a contest of powers. Is the nation supreme? Is the State supreme? Supreme and sovereignty are both words with a distinct meaning; and there can be no difficulty in seeing that one must yield to the other, and in the nature of things the yielding must be entire. The State must surrender absolutely the essential powers known as sovereign, or the nation must. There is no compromise between life and death. While the body is living in the least there is no death. The attribute of supreme sovereignty is indivisible.

Now it is easy to see that all Davis or any rebel can say is one of two things. He may say that he will acknowledge the national supremacy, or he may promise that he will do so provided the Government will accede to some condition he may name. He must say one of these things, or he must fight on without saying any thing. But if he says the last, he can not be listened to, and if he agrees to the first he will do so without being asked. What then is gained by incessantly knocking at his door and politely inquiring whether he has made up his mind?

If there are those who believe that the Government is bent upon war without reason and without end, they are not to be persuaded. In their view, whatever the Government does is wrong. They are like children in the sulks. If you try to pacify them by the most contrary expedients it is equally useless. If you walk or sit, if you talk or are silent, it is all the same. It is the essence of discontent to be discontented; and human ingenuity was never yet without a plausible excuse for the wildest contradictions and absurdities. An old Cavalier would as soon have named his son Praise God or Zeal-in-the-land as an opponent of the war be appeased or satisfied with any act of the Government.

But those who see this, and who knew from the beginning what the issue of all such peace embassies must be, are not to be lightly called an extreme war party because they understand the matter better than the dabblers in hopeless projects of peace.

The words, "extreme war party," are used as a term of contempt or censure. But how are they contemptible who insist upon maintaining civil order against causeless rebellion? and why should they be censured who demand an unconditional surrender of armed rebels? If by "extreme war party" is meant those who wish for vengeance, then the term describes a very few people—so few, that most men do not know of their existence.

For there is no wish of vengeance, but only of peace that shall endure. We have very little doubt that when the rebels have acknowledged the authority of the Government, and have assented either to emancipation or to a peaceful and legal trial of the question, they will find that the people do not favor a wholesale confiscation; that they do not clamor for the blood of the rebel leaders, who have caused more precious blood to flow than they could atone for if they bled until the end of the world; that they ask two things only, but ask them with a power not to be denied—Reunion and Liberty, without which there can be no Peace.

A SCAPE-GOAT.

The bitter denunciation of Jefferson Davis by some of the rebel newspapers is merely a fierce cry for a scape-goat. In their extremity it is a relief to cast the responsibility of disaster upon some conspicuous person, and as Davis from his position must have many enemies who will immediately echo the cry, he is selected. There is no indication of any able leader among them. Indeed not one of the rebel civil chiefs has shown the least genius for affairs. Their Congress is an assembly of such commonplace talent that no member is more prominent than another. Compared with other revolutionary assemblages, the Long Parliament, the Continental Congress, the French Convention, it is ludicrously weak and unimportant. On the one hand, it registers Davis's orders; and on the other, it does not dare to expel Mr. Foote. It has displayed neither sagacity, eloquence, nor vigor, and will be remembered only to be despised.

Indeed, the glamour of the rebellion has faded away. There was a time when it was a kind of fashion to ascribe to its leaders superior intellectual and statesmanlike qualities; but the time is rapidly approaching when it will be seen that men who arbitrarily swayed others by appeals to ignorance and prejudice are no more entitled to be called statesmen than those who live by the unpaid labor of others and buy and sell human beings like cattle are entitled to be called gentlemen. Jefferson Davis, especially, was contrasted as a statesman and a gentleman with Abraham Lincoln. But when the historian comes to record the patient benignity and cheerful sincerity of private manner of the President, his lofty, humane faith in man, liberty, and the republic, his wise prudence and sagacious perception of the course of public sentiment and of the possibilities of action, and compares them with the cold reserve of Davis's personal intercourse, the specious falsehood and base hostility to human rights of his official papers, and the mad scurrility of his tirades in public speech, the historian will see and declare that, in an age and country of Christian civilization, the tricks and quibbles of a desperate effort to outwit the human instincts are as unworthy the name of statesmanship as the abject terror of Mumbo Jumbo is unworthy the name of religion. Survey the field of the rebellion, hear and read all that it has said and written, and then answer whether civilization has gained one hope or the human race a single inspiration from all its words and deeds. The world struggling forward toward a higher well-being feels its heart cheered and stimulated by the mere effort of Greece against Persia, of the cities against the barons, of the field of Magna Charta, of the great English, French, and American revolutions. But what generous word or thought or aim can literature cherish or art immortalize in this dreary attempt to destroy a mild and equal Government in order to confirm and perpetuate a revolting injustice?

The exclamation against Davis is only a cry of despair. The call for Lee means no more. General Lee is a weak man and a good soldier. He is not a great or remarkable general. He gave but half a heart to the cause he fights for. He will doubtless fight for it to the end; and when the end appears he would probably wish at least to fall upon the field. But the rebellion would be no more hopeful if he were made absolute Dictator. The Rebel Congress have passed an act requiring the President to appoint a General-in-Chief. But Davis, of course, does not forget that whoever may be General-in-Chief he is the constitutional Commander of the General; and he reminds his faithful lieges that Lee has already been in command of all the rebel armies, and would not undertake to command in the field also. He adds, that whenever it is practicable for General Lee to assume the entire command, without leaving the army in the field, he will cheerfully appoint him.

But undoubtedly these two men have hitherto acted in concert. If they have not, Davis is not the man to be set aside. Whenever they differ he will control Lee or there will be trouble. It matters little. Trouble enough there must be in any case. Neither thanksgivings, nor fastings, nor generalissimos can prevent it.

FRANCE IN MEXICO.

The last incident in the French conquest of Mexico will suggest to every thoughtful American that we are drifting insensibly and inevitably into new political complications. We do not say drifting in any offensive sense, nor to insinuate that we could change the course of events. While we are straining all our power to restore domestic peace, it can not be expected that we should escape the danger of foreign movements which would not be attempted except for our disturbed condition. And those who have complained that we did not prevent the advance of France in Mexico show that their pride is greater than their wisdom, and betray a curious ignorance of the actual situation. We were not in a condition to interfere, and therefore we did wisely not to remonstrate. We stated to France our traditional policy on the question, but we did not bluster or threaten. Those who complained that we did not can now decide, upon calm reflection, whether the resolution of Mr. Henry Winter Davis would have been a dignified or self-respecting foreign dispatch from the State Department. The Senate, by declining to adopt it, has saved the true honor of the country.

The Monroe doctrine, although it was merely what Mr. Everett called "an executive declaration," and although it never received any official sanction from Congress, yet has been universally adopted as the absolutely indisputable policy of this Government toward all European governments which should endeavor to establish a foothold upon this continent. As it is popularly understood, the Monroe doctrine declares that the United States will drive every European power from our neighborhood. But if it really means that we deny to independent governments upon this continent the right to ask the assistance or even the presence of Europeans within their domain, then it is an absolute contradiction of our own fundamental principle of the right of the people to govern themselves.

The truth is, it does no such thing. In view of the probable design of the Holy Alliance in Europe to compel the return to Spain of some of her American colonies which had declared and maintained their independence, and had been recognized by the United States, President Monroe, in December, 1823, said that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." This can not be thought to contemplate opposition to a friendly request of assistance unless we intended to disregard international honor. In another part of the same message the President said that the American continents "are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European government."

That the cession to France of certain provinces of Mexico by the viceroy whom France maintains in that country must be considered a case of such colonization is clear. Mexican provinces regulated by French armies are virtually French colonies. But what the duty of the United States may be under the circumstances is not so evident. The situation demands the utmost sagacity and not the least swagger. There is nothing in the world easier than to strike an attitude and cry hands off. But before defying any of the Great Powers to mortal combat upon such a point it is well to calculate every chance. When Oliver Cromwell had thoroughly pacified England he turned his eyes abroad. But while the fields of Dunbar and Worcester were yet to fight his eyes and soul were centred there.

THE BLACK LAWS.

Illinois has repealed her black laws, and indeed she could hardly help wiping the stain from her face when her neighbor Missouri was lifting her whole body out of the slough. The black laws of Illinois, although Illinois is a free State, were as much a part of the code of slavery as any slave law of Arkansas or Mississippi; for they were the work of what was called the Democratic party, and that party was the minister of slavery. In Illinois, for instance, all colored persons were presumed to be slaves unless they could prove themselves to be free; in other words, were held to be guilty until they proved their innocence: thus directly reversing the first humane maxim of the common law. By another act, if any negro or mulatto came into the State and staid ten days, he was to be fined fifty dollars, and sold indefinitely to pay the fine.

We read such things incredulously, in the light of to-day. The wicked folly of selecting for outrage a special class of the population, and that class the most innocent and defenseless, is so like a caprice of Ashantee society, or a measure of Patagonian statesmanship, that it is quite impossible to believe that it was tolerated in the great, prosperous, and enlightened State of Illinois. It explains the curiously inhuman and heartless tone of Mr. Douglas in speaking of the colored race. He lived in the midst of this senseless and fierce prejudice, and he rose by pandering to it.

The black laws of Illinois were another proof of the fearful demoralization which slavery had wrought in this country, and upon which it counted for easy success in its rebellion. When slavery saw that Pierce and Buchanan, two successive Presidents, were its most abject tools; when it saw every Northern city ready to take by the throat any man who fiercely denounced it; when it saw even in Boston a rich merchant and noted citizen named Fay, with the Mayor of the city, turning a meeting for condemnation of slavery into the street; when it read such laws as these of Illinois; when it saw the city of New York cringing beneath its frown and fawning upon its contemptuous smile, how could it help believing that Franklin Pierce wrote the truth to Jefferson Davis when he said that the blood would flow this side of Mason and Dixon's line rather than the other, and suppose, with Robert Toombs, that any man could drink all the blood that would be shed in the war.

Now that Illinois has repealed her black laws, is it too much to hope that New York will do the same thing? The Constitution of the State allows colored citizens to vote, provided that they have lived twice as long in the State and county, and paid twice as much tax as any other voter. The other voters may be ignorant and brutal sots, who are nuisances and pests in any country, and these may be intelligent, industrious, thrifty, valuable citizens; but the Constitution of New York, enslaved by the same mean and inhuman prejudice which dictated the black laws of Illinois, declares that ignorance and brutality are politically preferable to intelligence and thrift.

If intelligence is to be the condition of active citizenship, it is a test which every body can understand, and which most people will approve. But to make it dependent upon complexion is as wise as to rest it upon the color of the hair or the breadth of the shoulders. The monstrous subjection of this country to the prejudice against color is not, as many who are under its influence suppose, "a natural instinct;" it is only the natural result of a system which arbitrarily and forcibly makes color the sign of hopeless servitude. If red-haired men or men over six feet in height were enslaved and imbruted for centuries, there would be exactly the same "natural aversion" to them which is gravely alleged by many otherwise sensible people against the colored race.

Missouri has emancipated herself; Illinois has thrown off her black laws. Suppose that sensible men and women now emancipate themselves from the black law of a most cruel and senseless prejudice.

OUR CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

The Message of the Governor-General of Canada, the debate in the Canadian Parliament, and the extradition of Burley, the Lake Erie raider, show that the Canadian authorities mean to enforce neutrality. It is only the truth to say that the conduct of the Canadian Government is much more friendly than that of the British. It reveals the same disposition to maintain the spirit of a true neutrality which Washington showed in 1793, and the United States Government in the case of the alleged Russian privateer in the Crimean war. If the British Government had shown the same alacrity in respecting honest obligations; if it had stopped the rams before Mr. Adams virtually threatened to demand his passports; if it had refused to harbor the rebel privateers after they had escaped; or if it had honorably tried to prevent their escaping; if it had not quibbled and strained every point against us, that Government would not have forfeited the respect of every honorable American.

The attitude of our neighbors upon occasion of the first serious violation of neutrality from their soil, at once mollifies the jealous suspicion with which they have been regarded as virtual abettors of the rebels. Now that we see that they are not abettors, we can tolerate their sympathy, which is the result of ignorance of the merits of the case. The Canadians, like most foreigners, remember the ancient tone of the Government of the United States; but they forget that that tone was given to it by the very faction now in rebellion. That tone was the expression of a spirit essentially anti-American, made up of ignorance on the one hand and of slave-driving insolence upon the other. And it is part of the Nemesis under which we suffer, that we are defending against rebels a Government which the rebels themselves made odious.

We have not sufficiently remembered this in our indignation with the conduct of what were called friendly powers. We saw them sneering at us as we carried the flag against the foe, and told them the flag meant liberty. We forgot that they had just seen the same flag in the hands of those who swore that it meant slavery. Governments, like men, act from mixed motives. If our flag had always stood for justice, moderation, friendliness, it would have commanded more sympathy in its extremity. The American principle would have been a thousand-fold more dangerous to Europe if the Government had not swaggered. A modest, friendly, but perfectly firm tone, would have won the hearts of the people and conciliated the pride of the aristocracy. But when the dominant party blustered every foreigner felt insulted.

The Canadians have forfeited neither their self-respect nor the regard of a powerful neighbor by showing that they mean neutrality as well as say it.

THE LATEST ASPECT OF THE PEACE QUESTION.

It is now known that a commission, consisting of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia, and A. J. Campbell of Alabama (formerly of the United States Supreme Court) applied, on the 29th of January, for permission to come to General Grant's head-quarters, which was granted. They desired to approach our Government very much in the same way in which Blair has approached the rebel authorities in Richmond. But the fact that the most prominent member of the commission is the Vice-President of the rebel Government makes an important difference between the two cases, notwithstanding it is given out that the commission is intended only to represent the people of the Southern States. Besides, we learn from the Richmond *Sentinel* that on the previous day Davis and Stephens "had been engaged in a long consultation on public affairs."

This commission, following so closely upon Mr. Blair's private mission to Richmond, has more significance than it could otherwise have. For it indicates, either that the rebel authorities are determined to exact from our Government some distinct statement in regard to the only possible terms of peace, such as shall further their own ends by rallying the people of the South in a last desperate effort to gain their independence, or that the people of the South are themselves anxious to make peace on the basis of reconstruction.

If the former be not indicated the latter must be. For the rebels already know from Mr. Blair's statements, if from no other source, that no terms will be conceded by our Government involving separation. Unless the object be to arouse the Southern people anew, the appointment of such a commission is useless and absurd. So long as the rebels claim the right of secession, there is no common ground on which to rest any negotiations.

What the issue of this matter may be is now uncertain. But this much is certain. If Union and Peace can not be obtained by the immediate and voluntary submission of the rebels to the Constitution and Government of the United States, then they must come as the result of the combinations which Generals Grant and Sherman are now forming for just that end.

A MODEL LETTER.

Earl Russell ought to go to school to the Foreign Minister of the Netherlands. That gentleman, like the Earl, received the circular of the European emissaries of the rebellion, but unlike the Earl, whose clumsy and foolish reply exasperated every body, the Dutch premier, after simply acknowledging the receipt of the circular, merely adds:

> "In thanking you for this communication, and with an earnest wish for the prompt re-establishment of peace in America, I beg you, gentlemen, to accept the assurance of my high consideration. E. Crewens."

As Artemus Ward said of Washington—E. Crewens certainly does not slop over. His letter is a model.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Cobbett's Courtship.—It is recorded in Chambers's "Book of Days," that while in New Brunswick Cobbett met the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for about an hour one evening. Shortly afterward, in the dead of winter, when the snow lay several feet thick on the ground, he chanced, in his walk at break of day, to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there was she out in the cold, scrubbing a washing-tub. That action made her mistress of Cobbett's heart forever. No sooner was he out of hearing than he exclaimed, "That's the girl for me!" She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and then only thirteen. To his intense chagrin the artillery was ordered to England, and she had to go with her father. Cobbett by this time had managed to save 150 guineas as a foot-soldier—the produce of extra work. Considering that Woolwich, to which his sweet-heart was bound, was a gay place, and that she there might find many suitors, who, moved by her beauty, might tempt her by their wealth; and unwilling that she should hurt herself by hard work, he sent her all his precious guineas, and prayed that she would use them freely—for he could get plenty more—to buy good clothes, and live in pleasant lodgings, and be as happy as she could until he was able to join her. Four long years elapsed before they met: Cobbett, when he reached England, found her a maid-of-all-work, at £5 a year. On their meeting, without saying a word about it, she placed in his hands his parcel of 150 guineas unbroken. He obtained his discharge from the army, and married the brave and thrifty woman. She made him an admirable wife—never was he tired of speaking her praises; and whatever comfort and success he afterward enjoyed, it was his delight to ascribe to her care and to her inspiration.

Punsters have grown wild about Fort Fisher. The names of the Federal commanders of the expedition and of the rebel garrison seem to have been arranged with an especial reference to the facility of punning. Thus one punster will have it that the garrison at Fort Fisher was Terry-fied into submission. Another suggests that there is work for Temperance Societies in Wilmington, the society there being in such a demoralized condition from the effects of Porter. Another inquires if Porter should be put "in a transport" because he was so successful. Another thinks it reasonable to have expected submission from a fort in which a Lamb had so much authority. Another asks if it can be expected that a *half-moon* battery will show any *quarter*. But the craziest of all is the following: If Admiral Porter makes any more reports about the Fort Fisher business ought he not to be called Admiral Reporter?

Golden Eggs.—M. Hermann, a conjuror, lately performed the following impromptu trick in the streets of Constantinople. Returning in company with a friend from the bazars, he met a Jew egg-hawker near the Stamboul end of the bridge, and, stopping him, asked the price of his eggs. "Thirty paras apiece," said the Jew, "for they were all fresh laid this morning." "Very good," said Hermann, "I will take a dozen at the price." The nine piasters were accordingly paid, and the conjuror then proceeded to crack one of the eggs. The result did not bear out the Jew's averment as to their freshness; but Hermann, nothing daunted by the smell, slowly chipped off the top of the shell and fished out a sovereign from the centre of the odorous yolk. To the amazement of the Jew he did the same with a second and third—which both proved as rotten as the first—and was taking up a fourth, when Moses flung back the nine piasters, shouldering his creel, and scuttled rapidly off, declaring that he would not sell at the price. Hermann and his companion slowly followed, and, after a while, came up with the Hebrew in a quiet corner of the neighboring mosque-yard, where they found him hard at work breaking his eggs. Another offer was made for the whole, but, though more than a dozen had already been sacrificed without the expected sovereigns turning up, the Youdi refused business, and was left deliberately smashing the whole contents of his basket in search of the golden deposit.

The first volume of Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar" will be published on the 10th of February. It will appear simultaneously in French and German, into which latter language it has been translated by M. Fröhner, *conservateur* at the Library of the Louvre. Numbers of foreign editors have arrived in Paris to obtain leave to reproduce the work. The first volume is devoted to the geographic and archæologic description of Cæsar's campaign in Gaul.

The Jews.—There are in the world about 7,000,000 Jews; about half that number were in Europe. Russia alone comprises 1,200,000. It is remarkable that in England, France, and Belgium, where the Jewish race is completely emancipated, the number is diminishing, while it is increasing elsewhere. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine there is one Jew to every sixteen Christians. In France there are 80,000 Jews, in England 42,000.

A Day in the Moon.—A lunar day comprises a period of twenty-eight days like ours. We are familiar with the sublime spectacle of the sunrise upon the earth: that wondrous transformation with which the glories of the night dissolve into the glories of the day, when the watch-stars close their holy eyes as the timid blush of morning kindles the eastern horizon, when the tide of light flows in to fill the celestial canopy, and when, as a climax to the changing scene, the glorious sun bursts open the gates of the morning and proclaims himself the lord of the day. How fearfully different is the vision of a sunrise upon the moon! No gentle transition from darkness to light, no imperceptible melting of night into day. From an horizon dark as a moonless midnight the sun slowly ascends—a lurid ball of brightness, infinitely more dazzling than it can appear to an earthly eye, gilding the summits of the lofty mountains, and causing these to start forth like islands of light in a sea of darkness, while their bases and surrounding valleys are yet shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Slowly the silvery flood of light pours down the mountain flanks, and the shadow, still of pitchy blackness, slowly shortens as the sun, after a lapse of 170 hours, attains its meridian height. If we look aloft to the lunar heavens we behold the stars, although at noonday with a steady lustre, unsullied even with the effect of twinkling or scintillation, for these phenomena are due to the varying currents of an atmosphere. For fourteen days the sun pours down his fiery rays upon an arid soil never sheltered by a welcome cloud, never refreshed by a genial shower, till that soil becomes heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water. Gradually the shadows lengthen and the sun declines, but no crimson curtain of evening closes around the lunar landscape; and when the last rays of the setting sun are lost beneath the horizon, no twilight intervenes, but a pall of fearful darkness falls upon the scene. And then succeeds a long and dreary night of 328 hours' duration, and a severity of cold that reduces the lately parched surface to a temperature probably 300 degrees below the freezing point of water

Warming Railway Carriages.—Trials were made recently in Prussia of a new method of warming railway carriages by steam. The boiler for the purpose is placed in the luggage-van, and the steam passes though tubes into wooden cylinders in the coupé of each carriage. Safety-valves are provided to carry off the excess of pressure, which is limited to ¼ of an atmosphere (about 3¾ lbs.), and a lever is placed in the carriage, so that the temperature can be regulated according to the will of the occupants. The experiments, it is said, succeeded perfectly.

An Artist without Arms.—There dwells in Antwerp an artist named Fillu, who, born without arms, educated his feet effectively to do their work. His taste directed his choice of life. He became a painter, and has succeeded in being a very accomplished one. He may be seen in the museum copying with great fidelity some fine work or other. He balances himself with ease and firmness on a stool, grasps his maulstick and pallet with the left great toe, and with the right uses his brush with perfect facility. The toes of his feet alone are exposed.

A Warning.—A young lady suddenly fainted at a ball near Königsberg, in Germany, a short time since; and it was afterward proved by the doctor who was called upon to render aid that her indisposition arose from the presence of arsenic in some green ornaments in her hair and in the trimmings of her dress, which were of the same color.

How Milton spent the Day.—At his meals he never took much wine or other fermented liquor. Although not fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, but in his later years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in the summer, and five in the winter. If not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then after breakfast studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour, generally in a chair in which he used to swing himself, and afterward played on the organ or bass viol, and either sung himself, or requested his wife to sing, who, as he said, had a good voice but no ear. He then resumed his studies until six, from which hour until eight he conversed with all who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest. Like many other poets, Milton found the stillness, warmth, and recumbency of bed favorable to composition, and his wife said, before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over the arm of his chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in the winter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

We have to record this week the most important action ever taken by the United States Congress since the formation of our Government on its present Constitutional basis. On the 8th of April, 1864, the Senate passed a joint resolution proposing to the Legislatures of the States an amendment to the Constitution abolishing Slavery. It was adopted by a vote of 38 to 6, six members not voting. This joint resolution passed the House January 31, 1865, by a vote of 119 to 56, being two votes more than the required majority of two-thirds. We give below the yeas and nays in both Houses, and the names of Members absent or not voting. The Members supporting the Administration are printed in Roman, the Opposition in *Italics*.

In the Senate, April 8, 1864, the votes were as follow:

YEAS.

Anthony, R. I.
Brown, Mo.
Chandler, Mich.
Clark, N. H.
Collamer, Vt.
Conness, Cal.
Cowan, Pa.
Dixon, Conn.
Doolittle, Wis.
Fessenden, Me.
Foot, Vt.
Foster, Conn.
Grimes, Iowa.
Hale, N. H.
Harding, Oregon.
Harlan, Iowa.
Harris, N. Y.
Henderson, Mo.
Howard, Mich.
Howe, Wis.
Johnson, Md.
Lane, Ind.
Lane, Kansas.
Morgan, N. Y.
Morrill, Me.
Nesmith, Oregon.
Pomeroy, Kansas.
Ramsay, Minn.
Sherman, Ohio.
Sprague, R. I.
Sumner, Mass.
Ten Eyck, N. J.
Trumbull, Ill.
Van Winkle, Va.
Wade, Ohio.
Wilkinson, Minn.
Willey, W. Va.
Wilson, Mass.

NAYS.

Davis, Ky.
Hendricks, Ind.
M'Dougall, Cal.
Powell, Ky.
Riddle, Del.
Saulsbury, Del.

NOT VOTING.

Bowden, Va.
Buckalew, Pa.
Carlisle, Va.
Hicks, Md.
Richardson, Ill.
Wright, N. J.

In the House, January 31, 1865:

YEAS.

Alley, Mass.
Allison, Iowa.
Ames, Mass.
Anderson, Ky.
Arnold, Ill.
Ashley, Ohio.
Bailey, Pa.
Baldwin, Mich.
Baldwin, Mass.
Baxter, Vt.
Beaman, Mich.
Blaine, Me.
Blair, W. Va.
Blow, Mo.
Boutwell, Mass.
Boyd, Mo.
Brandegee, Conn.
Broomall, Pa.
Brown, W. Va.
Clark, A. W., N. Y.
Clark, F., N. Y.
Cobb, Wis.
Coffroth, Pa.
Colfax, Ind.
Cole, Cal.
Creswell, Md.
Davis, Md.
Davis, N. Y.
Dawes, Mass.
Deming, Conn.
Dixon, R. I.
Donnelly, Minn.
Driggs, Mich.
Dumont, Ind.
Eckley, Ohio.
Eliot, Mass.
English, Conn.
Farnsworth, Ill.
Frank, N. Y.
Ganson, N. Y.
Garfield, Ohio.
Gooch, Mass.
Grinnell, Iowa.
Griswold, N. Y.
Hale, Pa.
Herrick, N. Y.
Higby, Cal.
Hooper, Mass.
Hotchkiss, N. Y.
Hubbard, Iowa.
Hubbard, Conn.
Hulburd, N. Y.
Hutchins, Ohio.
Ingersoll, Ill.
Jenckes, R. I.
Julian, Ind.
Kasson, Iowa.
Kelley, Pa.
Kellogg, Mich.
Kellogg, N. Y.
King, Mo.
Knox, Mo.
Littlejohn, N. Y.
Loan, Mo.
Longyear, Mich.
Marvin, N. Y.
M'Allister, Pa.
M'Bride, Oregon.
M'Clurg, Mo.
M'Indoe, Wis.
Miller, N. Y.
Morehead, Pa.
Morrill, Vt.
Morris, N. Y.
Myers, A., Pa.
Myers, L., Pa.
Nelson, N. Y.
Norton, N. Y.
Odell, N. Y.
O'Neill, Pa.
Orth, Ind.
Patterson, N. H.
Perham, Me.
Pike, Me.
Pomeroy, N. Y.
Price, Iowa.
Radford, N. Y.
Randall, Ky.
Rice, Mass.
Rice, Me.
Rollins, N. H.
Rollins, Mo.
Schenck, Ohio.
Scofield, Pa.
Shannon, Cal.
Sloan, Wis.
Smith, Ky.
Smithers, Del.
Spaulding, Ohio.
Starr, N. J.
Steele, N. Y.
Stevens, Pa.
Thayer, Pa.
Thomas, Md.
Tracy, Pa.
Upson, Mich.
Van Valkenburg, N. Y.
Washburne, Ill.
Washburne, Mass.
Webster, Md.
Whaley, W. Va.
Wheeler, Wis.
Williams, Pa.
Wilder, Kansas.
Wilson, Iowa.
Windom, Minn.
Woodbridge, Vt.
Worthington, Nevada.
Yeaman, Ky.

NAYS.

Allen, J. C., Ill.
Allen, W. G., Ill.
Ancona, Pa.
Bliss, Ohio.
Brooks, N. Y.
Brown, Wis.
Chanler, N. Y.
Clay, Ky.
Cox, Ohio.
Cravens, Ind.
Dawson, Pa.
Denison, Pa.
Eden, Ill.
Edgerton, Ind.
Eldridge, Wis.
Finck, Ohio.
Grider, Ky.
Hall, Mo.
Harding, Ky.
Harrington, Ind.
Harris, Md.
Harris, Ill.
Holman, Ind.
Johnson, Pa.
Johnson, Ohio.
Kalbfleisch, N. Y.
Kernan, N. Y.
Knapp, Ill.
Law, Ind.
Long, Ohio.
Mallory, Ky.
Miller, Pa.
Morris, Ohio.
Morrison, Ill.
Noble, Ohio.
O'Neill, Ohio.
Pendleton, Ohio.
Perry, N. J.
Pruyn, N. Y.
Randall, Pa.
Robinson, Ill.
Ross, Ill.
Scott, Mo.
Steele, N. J.
Stiles, Pa.
Strouse, Pa.
Stuart, Ill.
Sweat, Me.
Townsend, N. Y.
Wadsworth, Ky.
Ward, N. Y.
White, J. W., Ohio.
White, C. A., Ohio.
Winfield, N. Y.
Wood, B., N. Y.
Wood, F., N. Y.

NOT VOTING.

Lazear, Pa.
Le Blonde, Ohio.
Marcy, N. H.
M'Dowell, Ind.
M'Kenny, Ohio.
Middleton, N. J.
Rogers, N. J.
Voorhees, Ind.

The retaliatory resolution has passed the Senate. The legislation in regard to this matter is unnecessarily confused. If the Senate wishes to declare its sense that there should be a general exchange, as it has done in an amendment to the above resolution, then there is no need of the main resolution itself. The Senate has as much power in directing an exchange as it has in determining on retaliation. If there is not to be an exchange, there is a way in which there may be secured to prisoners on either side such treatment as is consistent with humanity without retaliation. What is there to prevent the appointment on each side of commissioners whose business shall be to look after the comfort of the prisoners of their respective governments? The rebels could not, without an exposure of their inhuman purpose, refuse to admit such a commission into Southern prisons as a permanent institution; and the Federal Government can have no objection to a similar commission, members of which shall reside in our prisons. This commission on either side would command respect; and if its suggestions and remonstrances were not heeded, it could accurately report all cases of inhuman treatment. These reports would have all the value and effect attaching to other official documents. It is true that such a commission is proposed by the Senate; but it is in the form of an amendment to the retaliatory resolution, and thus loses its proper effect. The commission should be tried, at least, before we resort to retaliation.

The spring campaign is still in its preliminary stages. The capture of Fort Fisher will doubtless be followed soon by the occupation of Wilmington. Sherman, meanwhile, is measuring the elements of resistance—and these are very formidable—which he will have to encounter. He is reinforcing his army. General Grover has arrived at Savannah with several thousand men, thus relieving General Geary, who will accompany Sherman. The only event which has disturbed the quiet upon the James has been the raid of the rebel iron-clad fleet, of which we give an account on our first page.

CONGRESS.

January 25:

In the Senate, the House Bankrupt bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee with amendments. The question of retaliation was resumed, but not concluded. The Deficiency bill was reported, and it was determined not to pass it unless the House would strike out the proposition to increase the salary of its employés.

In the House, a resolution of inquiry into the facts connected with trade with the rebellious States was passed. The question of providing that the Heads of Departments should occupy seats on the floor of the House, to be interrogated under certain rules as to their respective Departments, and to a limited extent to participate in debate, was considered.

January 26:

In the Senate, the House Amendatory Loan bill was passed. The Retaliation measure was still under consideration.

In the House, the bill for the admission of Cabinet officers to the floor of the House was debated at some length, but a final consideration was postponed till February 8. A new Deficiency bill was reported, in which the clause objectionable to the Senate was modified, though only in form, by being made to read: "Thirty-eight thousand dollars is appropriated to enable the House to meet its obligations and fulfill its pledges heretofore incurred."

January 27:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed without the objectionable amendment. The Retaliation measure was still under debate.

In the House only private bills were considered.

January 28:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted providing for the publication of the correspondence of President Madison. The rest of the session was taken up in the consideration of the resolution appointing a committee on corruptions, and of the proposition for retaliation.

In the House there was a debate on the constitutional amendment.

January 30:

In the Senate, the House bill reducing the duty on printing paper was reported with an amendment, fixing the duty at 15 instead of 3 per cent. The resolution to appoint the Committee on Corruptions was debated by Mr. Hale, who indulged in a long speech on the frauds done in the Navy Department.

In the House, the Senate's resolution for a committee to count the votes in the late Presidential election was concurred in, with an amendment excluding from representation in the Electoral College Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee.

January 31:

In the Senate, the retaliation resolution was passed, 26 to 13, modified by several amendments restricting its action so as to be conformable to the laws of nations and to the usages of war. An amendment was adopted declaring the sense of the Senate to be in favor of a general exchange of prisoners; also one to appoint commissioners to look after the condition of our prisoners in future.

In the House, the proposition was passed to submit to the Legislatures of the several States the following amendment to the Constitution:

> "Article 13.—*Section* 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.
>
> "*Section* 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

NEWS ITEMS.

In Governor-General Monck's estimate for the expenses of the Canadian Government for the current year is included some $50,000 in gold as indemnity for the gold seized in the raid on St. Albans.

Captain Raphael Semmes, the notorious privateer, was in Richmond January 19.

The editor of the Richmond *Sentinel* says it would be an animating and appropriate spectacle if a new outburst of enthusiasm and of patriotic devotion should now be witnessed among his countrymen. He adds that it would be touching and inspiring if they would even furnish the means to pay off the Confederate soldiers.

Thirty-five dollars of the Confederate currency are worth only one dollar in gold. This reduces the value of a Confederate dollar to less than three cents. The Mobile papers say that the people decline to bet the odds of one against forty on the success of the rebel cause.

The United States monitor *Patapsco* was destroyed, off Charleston, at 2 A.M. on 17th, while doing picket duty, by a rebel torpedo. Sixty of the crew went down with her.

Marshal-General Fry announces that he has added 14,000 more men to the quota of New York, making the total quota of the State over 60,000. This increases the quota of the city to 21,000.

The pirate *Shenandoah* has destroyed several American merchantmen recently along the coast of Brazil.

General George B. M'Clellan and wife sailed January 25 for Europe on the Cunard steamer *China*. They intend an absence of six months, spending most of that time at Rome.

Early in the morning of the 25th ult. a broker, Mr. Horace Cushing, while in a fit of insanity, jumped from the second story back window of his house at No. 18 West Thirty-second Street, and was instantly killed.

General Patterson has published his history of his connection with the battle of Bull Run. It is an elaborate defense of his operations. He attempts to prove that the battle was not lost through his fault.

Major-General Warren left Washington January 25, to resume the command of his corps in the Army of the Potomac.

Mr. H. W. M. Meade, of the firm of Meade Brothers, Broadway, photographers, committed suicide by taking laudanum, on the night of January 26, at Tammany Hotel.

Intelligence deemed reliable has reached Washington that a new rebel privateer has left Nassau, heavily armed, to prey upon our commerce. The vessel is known as the *Colonel Lamb*, and report says she is both swift and of stanch build. Her crew is mostly foreign, and numbers nearly 200.

Colonel North, the New York State agent, imprisoned on a charge of forging soldiers' votes, has been unconditionally released by order of the Secretary of War.

The case of Burley, the Lake Erie raider, was finally decided at Toronto, January 27, Chief Justice Draper and three Associate Judges being unanimous in the opinion that the prisoner should be given up to the United States.

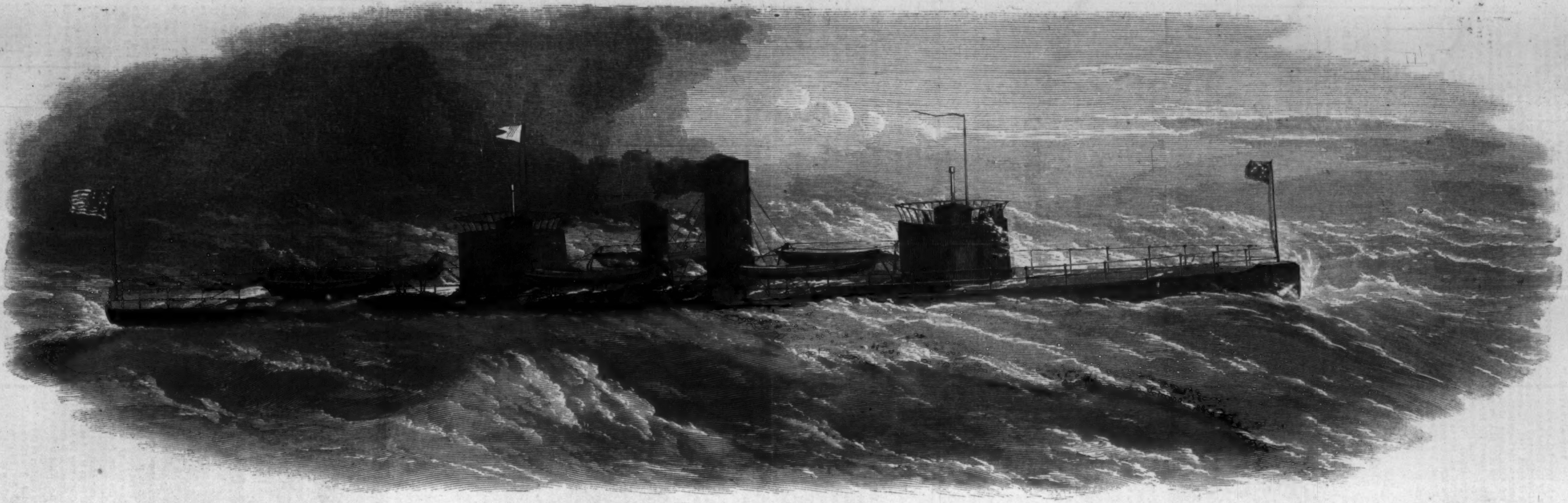
Brigadier-General Ammen has resigned, and Brigadier-General Tilson is now in command at Knoxville.

The total casualties in General Terry's army in the fight at Fort Fisher were six hundred and ninety-one. Of these eleven officers and seventy-seven men were killed, thirty-nine officers and four hundred and seventy-two men wounded, and ninety-two men missing.

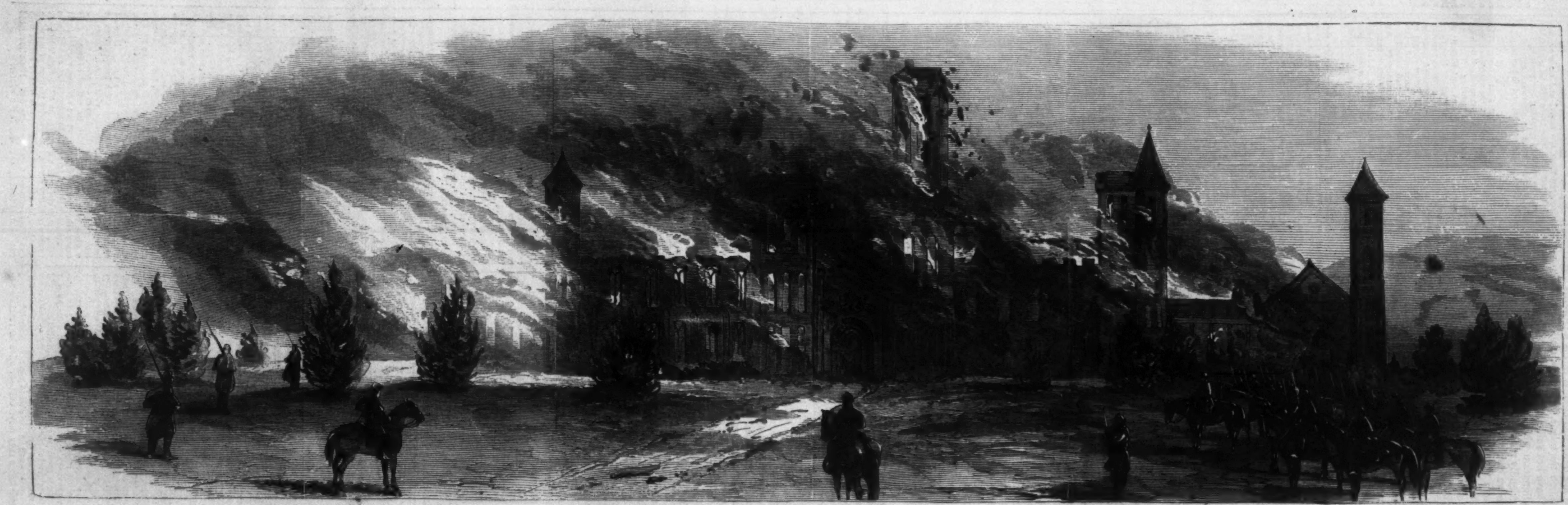
The rebel Congressman, Henry S. Foote, has arrived within our lines.

Captain Corbett, late commander of the rebel pirate *Sea King*, alias *Shenandoah*, has been committed for trial in Liverpool, charged with violating the Foreign Enlistment Act.

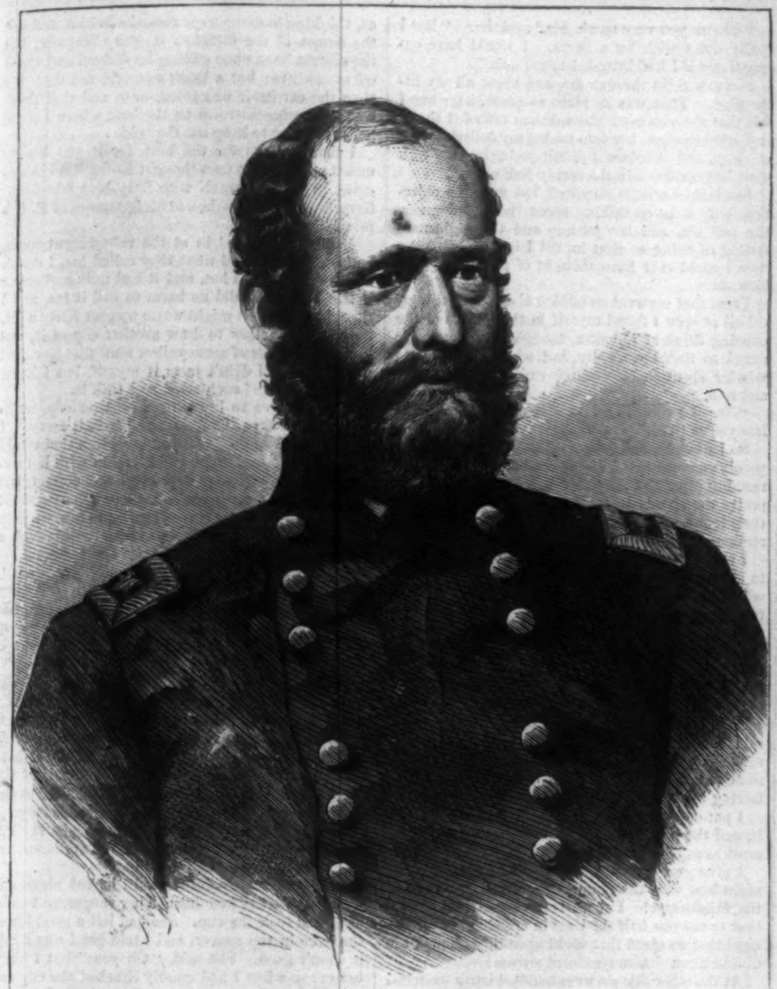
The Liverpool *Post* states that orders for twenty thousand artillery uniforms for the rebels have recently been executed in that city.



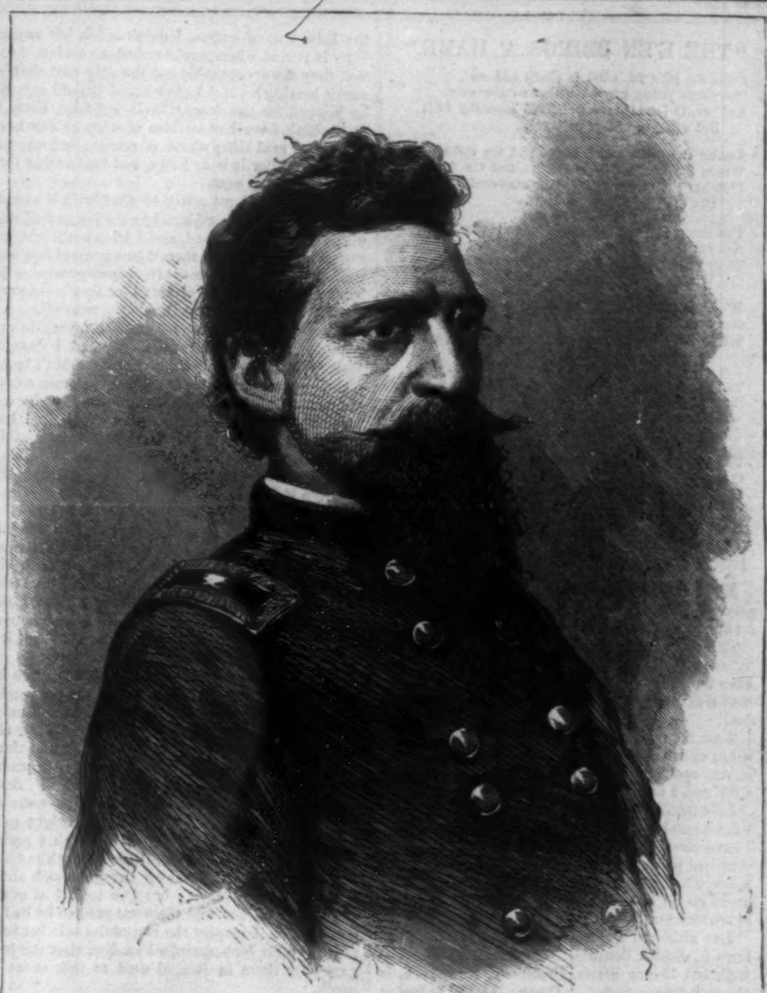
THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD BATTERY "MONADNOCK."—[SEE PAGE 94.]



BURNING OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE AT WASHINGTON, JANUARY 24, 1865.—SKETCHED BY PHILIP WHARTON.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



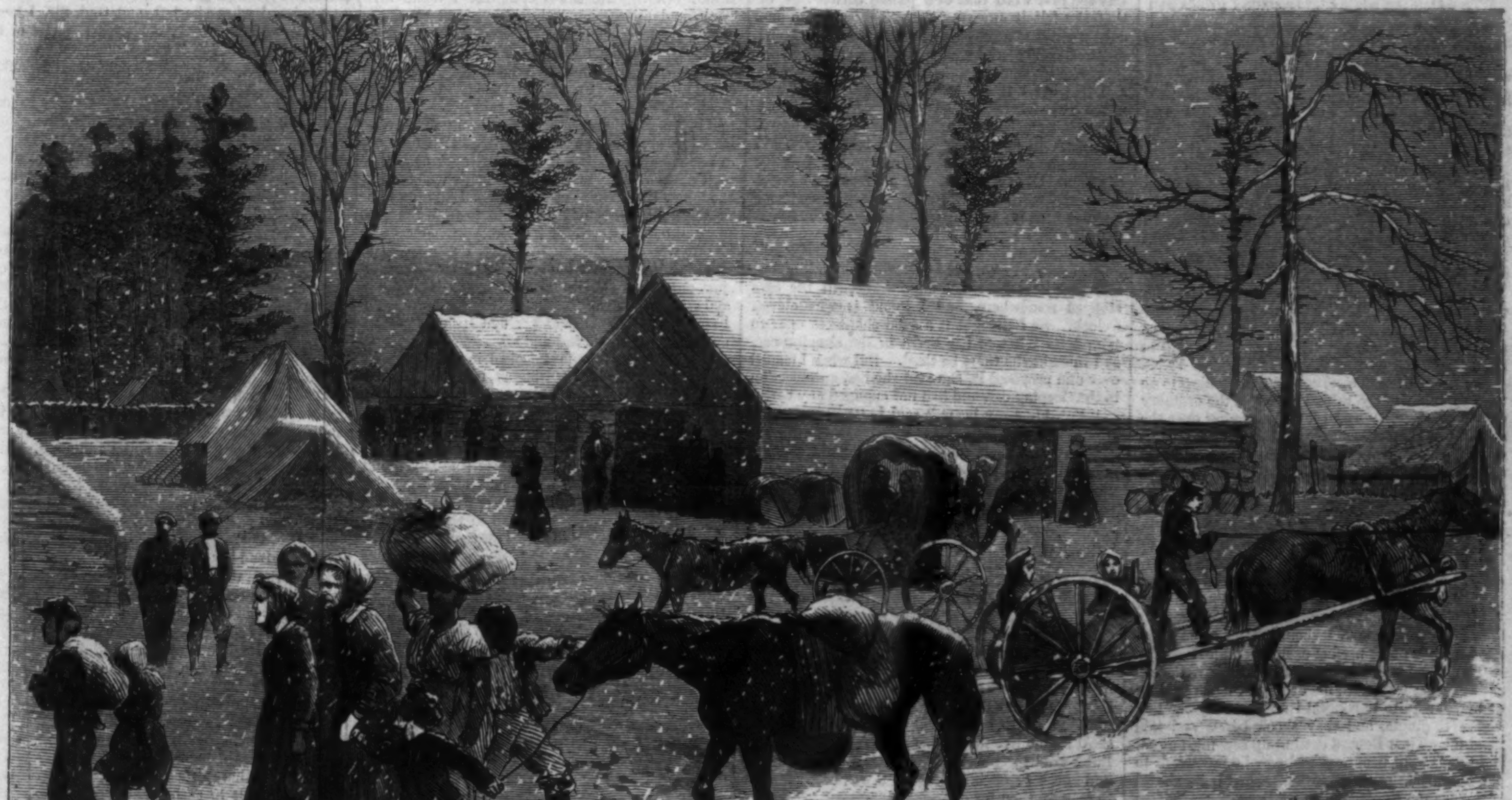
GENERAL KENNER GARRARD.



GENERAL G. D. WAGNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BIS[illegible].—[SEE PAGE 93.]

GENERAL KENNER GARRARD.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL KENNER GARRARD was born in Garrard County, Kentucky, and is now thirty-five years old. His home from boyhood has been in Cincinnati, Ohio. He entered West Point in 1847, graduated in 1851, and was appointed to the First United States Dragoons. In 1855 he was transferred to the Second United States Cavalry, and in 1861 promoted to a Captaincy. Up to this date his service had been mostly in Texas and New Mexico. In 1856, while Adjutant of the Second United States Cavalry, the following were officers in that regiment: A. SIDNEY JOHNSTON, Colonel; R. E. LEE, Lieutenant-Colonel; HARDEE and GEO. H. THOMAS, Majors; VAN DORN, E. KIRBY SMITH, STONEMAN, PALMER, OAKES, and EVANS, Captains; and R. W. JOHNSON, FIELD, HOOD, FITZHUGH LEE, COSBY, and PHIFER, Lieutenants. All these have since held positions as general officers in the Federal and Rebel armies, and most of them have been noted for their signal ability. In April, 1861, Captain GARRARD was, with the troops under General TWIGGS in Texas, surrendered to the rebels, remaining under parole until September, 1862. His comrades tried hard to persuade him to join them, appealing to him as a man of Southern birth. But their proffers were firmly rejected, and he, with great difficulty, made his way from Texas to Washington, with twenty thousand dollars of government funds in his pockets, which was safely turned over to the Government. He was appointed Commandant at West Point in December, 1861, where he introduced some useful changes in the drill and instruction of the Cadets. In September, 1862, he was released from parole by exchange, and resigned his post at West Point, to take command, as Colonel, of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York Volunteers. This regiment soon became an efficient one, and, with him as its leader, took part in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He succeeded General WEED (who was killed at Gettysburg) in the command of the Third Brigade of General SYKES's Division, being appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in July, 1863, and in November, 1863, a Major in the Third United States Cavalry. In December, 1863, he was made Chief of the Cavalry Bureau at Washington, but was the next month, at his own request, relieved from that duty to take command of the Second Division of Cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland, under General SHERMAN. General GARRARD took an active part in General SHERMAN's campaign, from its commencement to the taking of Atlanta. He participated in the battle of Nashville under General THOMAS, who makes in his report particular mention of General GARRARD's gallant conduct. On the left of M'ARTHUR, he carried the enemy's intrenchments in his front, capturing all the artillery and troops on the line.



VIRGINIANS DRAWING THEIR RATIONS FROM THE FEDERAL COMMISSARY

"THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME."

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts.
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming;—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far—
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are:
At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
O thou, dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night, our tardy footsteps quicken,
At evening, bring us home.

ESCORT DUTY BY A RED BEAR.

MY name is Rufus Brewin, and I am an aggrieved man. For that matter I have always been an aggrieved man in one respect; for some smart chap having discovered years ago that Rufus Brewin was nothing more than Red Bear, my friends have found it very witty ever since to call me by that ridiculous title. For my part I don't see the fun.

I am not married. I never thought I should like to be; and in fact, partly from choice, partly through having spent the best of my youth in India making a fortune, I have had very little to do with women.

Last month, however, I had to go to New York. I don't mind stating that I live in Boston; in fact, I have been for several years considered one of the principal patrons of the first hotel there, and I don't know whether the proprietor would feel that he could go on if I was to remove from his best suit of apartments.

But although a Boston man myself, I don't believe in Boston dentists. They may be all very well, but Doctor Blank, Broadway, New York, is the man for my money. Doesn't it stand to reason now, when one fellow charges you ten dollars for filling a tooth, and another only ventures to ask five, it's because the first one feels his work is worth twice as much as the other's? I always employ the most expensive workmen of all sorts, and I contend that the theory is a sound one.

So after grumbling all day with a toothache that finally wouldn't let me enjoy my dinner, actually forcing me to send away some splendid grouse untouched, I told my fellow to put up my hair-brushes and a clean shirt, get me a ticket to New York, and call a carriage.

He did it all right; and indeed I'd like to see him fail in obeying orders. He knows me, that fellow does.

"Train leaves at half past eight, Sir. Carriage at the door at eight. Ticket, Sir, and ticket for sleeping-berth. Am I to go, Sir?" says he.

"To watch me while that scoundrel grinds and cuts the marrow out of my jaw-bone! You'd just like to see that, wouldn't you? Yah!"

For I may as well say that I felt a little irritable, what with my teeth, and what with losing the best part of my dinner.

My fellow saw how it was. Bless you, the scamp is quick enough, and he knows how my boots feel; so he was sneaking away when I stopped him.

"Tell the cook, or some of them, to cut off the breast and tid-bits from half a dozen of those grouse and put them up in my bag, with salt, cayenne, and a roll or two," said I. "If this cursed tooth stops aching I shall want something before morning; and I hope you don't think I'm going to poison myself at those cook-shops along the road, do you?"

"Yes, Sir—no, Sir, I mean," says the great fool, not knowing how to answer yes and no together by "Very well, Sir," as an English servant would have done; and before I could find any thing to fling at his head he was gone.

Well, I got to the station, and not wanting to go to sleep immediately, settled myself in the ordinary car as comfortably as I could by turning over the seat in front of me for my legs, and putting a great-coat in the angle of the window and the back of my own seat. An old traveler like myself understands these things, you see, and I flatter myself there won't be many chances of comfort go a-begging long in Rufus Brewin's neighborhood.

Well, I'd just got settled, with my bag hung up over my head, when a lady and gentleman came in and sat down in the seat abreast of us. I soon saw that the man was young Renard, a lawyer of Boston, for whom I have considerable regard, and, in fact, the person whom I should select as my own legal adviser had I need of such an employé.

The lady I couldn't see at first; for Mr. Renard sat in such a way, with his head bent down in front of hers, as quite to conceal it. Presently the bell began to jingle, and they shook hands and said good-by. Then Renard getting up saw me, bowed, hesitated, went back and whispered a few words to the lady, then came across and asked if he should introduce me to his cousin, who was going to New York alone.

Gracious! I couldn't say no, now could I? And yet what a nuisance to say yes! Of course I'd got to put my legs down and stand up; I don't believe in this Young America fashion of nodding to a lady over your cigar, with your feet on a mantle-shelf. Upon my word, Sir, I've seen a fellow do that very thing. I don't mind mentioning that I pushed his feet down, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. He wasn't, however—only mad at my friendly interference. Actually I had to knock him down before he could behave himself.

Well, I said what I could, and was introduced to the lady, but, of course, I didn't catch her name. Why is it that when people undertake an introduction they always mumble out the only part that is worth hearing? If I hadn't heard Renard say, as he jumped for the door, "Well, good-by, Kitty," I shouldn't have had an idea of what to call her. Not that I said Kitty aloud, of course; but when I think about her it is as Kitty, and that's what I'm going to call her now.

If Mr. Renard got safely off that train it's more than I should like to undertake; for it was well under way when he bolted, and I hadn't a doubt we should hear a yell, and there'd be a general fuss and confusion in picking him out from among the wheels. But either no accident occurred, or they were very considerately quiet about it, and we were off.

My first course was to re-establish myself in my comfortable angle; but no sooner had I done so than I began to wonder whether I oughtn't to be making myself agreeable to the young woman whom the introduction had in a measure placed under my charge. But then, how was I to do it? I had nothing in the world to say to her, and probably she had as little to say to me. Besides, I didn't know her name, and how was I to talk across the car even if I did?

While turning these thoughts in my mind I looked over at the subject of them. She was just taking off her bonnet and pinning it by the strings to the cushioned panel over her head. Then she smoothed her hair with a very white hand, and took from her traveling-bag a bewildering little hood, made of blue and white yarn, with a blue bow at the top, and another under the chin; they call it a sea-foam in the shops, I have since discovered.

This she carefully tied on; and I was quite interested to see how nicely she pulled the bow under the chin, quite straight and true, when she made it. I do so like to see any one exact. While she was doing this I noticed her face for the first time. By George, Sir, you may think you've seen pretty women, but you never saw one like that! Such bright blue eyes, and such yellow hair—none of your die-away flax-colored stuff, but bright solid yellow, just like ingot gold. Then, such a pretty color in her cheeks, and such little even white teeth when she laughed! I never thought much about a woman's looks before; but I've looked at every one I've seen since, and there are none to be had as per sample. I suspect the rest of the bale has been picked up for Mohammed's Paradise, that the beggars over there in Bengal used to talk about so much.

So I stared, and stared, until a little smile began to twitch the corners of her mouth, and she turned to look out the window. Lord, Sir! how I felt when it came across me that I'd stared the girl out of countenance. I promised myself directly that I wouldn't look at her again all night; in fact, I fairly turned my back, and looked out my own window till my eyeballs snapped, I was so afraid of doing it again.

But what do you think happened next? Why, as I was staring away, and seeing nothing but a great black hole outside the car, the softest, sweetest little voice you ever heard, said,

"Don't you think it's dangerous for them to go so fast in the night, Mr. Brewin?"

Mr. Brewin! She'd got my name and all, you see! just as pat as if she'd known me a dozen years, And all so natural! No one would have thought it was the first word that ever passed between us, or that she felt it any way strange to speak to me, only when I started quick, and turned round, she looked a little scared, and smiled in a shy way that was prettier than all.

I told her I thought there was no danger, and asked if she felt frightened. She said not very, but she wasn't much used to traveling by night; so I concluded she felt lonesome, and I told her she had better come over and sit with me, as I had plenty of room. Of course I had put my legs down when I first spoke, so there was really a very good chance if she wanted it; but instead of taking it, she stared a little, then laughed a little, and said, "Oh no, thank you, Sir."

Somehow I saw that I had made another blunder, and that kept me quiet for a while, till the cars stopped somewhere, and I found it was eleven o'clock. So I thought it a good chance to offer to take Miss Kitty to her berth in the sleeping-car, as I thought she must be tired. But when I leaned over and proposed it, she said she had an objection to the sleeping-car, and had not engaged any berth.

"But, bless my heart," said I, "you never are going to sit here all night!"

"Oh yes, I sha'n't mind it at all; and if you are going to the sleeping-car, you mustn't delay a minute on my account," says she, smiling again.

Well, but here was a predicament. I sat back in my seat, and thought it over. It didn't seem the thing to me to go hulking off to my own berth, leaving this lonely little thing to sit bolt upright all night, without a soul to speak to her. I glanced through the car. There were two or three disagreeable-looking fellows round the stove, and only one other woman to be seen. No, it wasn't the thing at all to leave her.

Then I wondered why she wouldn't have a sleeping berth. Perhaps it was the extra charge. If that was all—but then how was I to find out? It wouldn't do to ask outright, nor it wasn't likely she'd let me pay for her if she couldn't for herself. But I might get her to take my berth, and I could find another; or, if I couldn't, it was better for me to stay up than for her.

So I got up and leaned over the back of her seat, not liking to shout my proposition across the car. I tried, too, to speak as carelessly as possible, so that she shouldn't feel it any great matter.

"I wouldn't sit up all night if I was you," says I. "You can get a very comfortable nap in the sleeping-car, I promise you; and as I don't think I shall lie down to-night, you'd better accept my berth. I've no use for it myself, and you can have it better than not."

She smiled again. Somehow every thing I said seemed to amuse her; but this time the smile was prettier than ever.

"Thank you very much, Sir," said she. "But I really don't wish for a berth. I would have engaged one if I had intended to use one."

She saw right through me, and knew all my little plan. That was as plain as preaching; but I felt that she was more pleased than offended that I had tried to cheat her into taking my dollar's worth of sleep, and somehow I didn't go back to my own seat, but sat down in the empty half of hers.

She looked a little surprised, but made no objection, only went on talking about the sleeping-car, the bad air, and the jolting, and the nightmare feeling of being so shut in, till I began to wonder how I could ever have thought of putting myself into one.

From that we went on talking about other things, till all at once I found myself in the middle of the evening drive at Calcutta, though how I ever got round to that I can't say, but when I stopped to wonder about it, Miss Kitty smiled, and nodded, and said,

"Yes, I see it all. Do go on, Mr. Brewin, unless you're tired."

So I went on, and told of all the different sorts of people one sees there, and how oddly the syces look running after their masters' carriages, and of how pretty the streets look when these carriages light their lamps and all go twinkling off in different directions.

I never saw any one so interested as that girl was in all I had to say. Gad, Sir! I began to wonder why I hadn't talked more about those things since they were so well worth hearing. But just as we were going up the broad steps of Government House the cars stopped, and a man at the door sung out that we were to go aboard a ferry-boat and change cars.

So Miss Kitty took her bonnet, and I my bag and coat, and we followed the rest out of the warm car into the raw, drizzly November night with no refuge except the crowded cabin of the ferry-boat, so close and hot that I didn't blame Kitty for preferring to stay outside.

I put on my great-coat, but shivered underneath it, and the poor little girl, who had no extra wrap, must have been chilled to the bone.

I give you my word, Sir, I had no idea till that night how wide the Connecticut River is. Talk of the Mississippi! I don't believe you could get a boat to use one half the time in crossing the Mississippi that we spent that night upon the bosom of the Connecticut. A magnificent stream!

At the other side we were bundled into a wretched old car with narrow low-backed seats and no stove. This was miserable enough, and if the railway companies find it pleasant and profitable to smash up whole trains of cars (including passengers) every few days, they should at least provide a sufficient relay to take their place. Most of us don't mind the chance of being smashed, but I for one do mind the certainty of being uncomfortable, and when I've once been made so in a particular place, I take very good care in future to avoid that place. "A word to the wise," etc.

And then I could see with half an eye that poor little Kitty was very nearly used up. She didn't smile much now; and when I came back after looking through the train for a better seat, I found her curled up on the wretched narrow bench with her head resting on the back in a most uncomfortable attitude. An idea struck me, and not a bad one either. Going into the sleeping-car I found my berth, and appropriated the pillow and blanket. The conductor thought, I suppose, that I was stealing them, for he bustled up as fierce as a terrier and asked what I was doing. I liked that, and just asked him if I didn't pay for the use of the bedding when I hired that berth. He said yes. Then I told him I was going to use them in my own fashion and walked off, he sneaking along after me.

I felt I was getting a little irritated at being watched that way, and I had some idea of taking the fellow by the nape of the neck and flinging him off the train, but concluded not to do so, as he was after all hardly worth the trouble.

But when I got back to Kitty, I was so busy thinking it over that I forgot to speak to her, but just putting my hand under her head, lifted it up and put the pillow under as nicely as I could. Then I spread the blanket over her and tucked it all in under her poor little feet and all.

When I got through I looked in her face, and found the great eyes staring at me with just the queerest mixture of surprise and amusement that ever you saw. Then I thought I ought to have said something, though just what I didn't know, so I began,

"I thought you'd be cold; there isn't any fire in this car, and so—"

"So you have brought me your own pillow and blanket, and are going to sit up in the cold yourself," said she, trying to throw off the blanket.

"Stop!" says I; and if it was a more decided tone than I had any right to use that rascally conductor was to blame. "Stop! I sha'n't use these things at any rate, I give you my word on that; and you need them, and must keep them."

She looked right up in my face with another of those teasing little smiles.

"Must I?" said she; "well then, I must."

And shutting her eyes she went off to sleep just like a baby as they say, though I don't believe any baby ever looked so pretty or so innocent or so helpless as that girl did, with the red blanket coming up under her chin, and the blue ribbons streaming over the pillow.

I sat down in the seat behind—the end seat of the car it was, and right against a window; but there was no other vacant near at hand, and I wasn't going to desert my charge after all I'd done.

So Miss Kitty slept; and I swore at my teeth, which had been very quiet till that ferry-boat business waked them up, and the seat by the loose window kept them so.

By-and-by the cars stopped again. I looked out the window, and there, if you'll believe me, was that—well, that magnificent river, the Connecticut, again, and another ferry-boat ready for us to cross in. I jumped up, and went to look for the conductor, thinking to make some remarks to him, and ask the names of the directors of this Company, but the minute he saw me coming he dodged and made off somewhere; but a brakeman told me that this time the car itself was going over, and that there was a refreshment-room on the boat where I could get something to keep out the cold.

I thanked him for the hint, for it was kindly meant; but if that man thought Rufus Brewin was going to poison himself with ferry-boat whisky or ferry-boat brandy he showed his ignorance of R. B.'s principles, that's all.

However, I looked in at the refreshment-room, and finding they had what they called tea, I drank some of it. It was hot, and it had milk and sugar in it. Perhaps it did no harm to call it tea, and I thought a cup of it might warm up poor Kitty a bit. So I told the fellow to draw another cup of it, and give me a wedge of some yellow stuff that he called pound cake. I didn't taste it myself, but I knew that women liked such stuff, so I took it.

"You'll have to hurry up with that cup, we're just acrost," says the fellow as I took it away. I tossed him a two-dollar bill, and told him that would buy a gross of such cups, and fill them with hot water into the bargain. I dare say I was correct, but the man didn't seem pleased, though he pocketed the money. You see I wasn't going to hurry a lady about drinking her tea just to accommodate such a fellow as that, or to save the price of a tea-cup.

As I came steering back through the crowd, squaring my elbows, and singing out to every one to make way, I looked up at the window, and what should I see but Miss Kitty watching me, her eyes sparkling, and her little teeth flashing in the gas-light in a regular laugh.

I was glad she felt so merry, but I hoped she wasn't laughing at me.

When I got into the car, however, she had sobered down wonderfully, and thanked me very prettily for all the pains I had taken. I told her there was no hurry, she should take her time about the tea, for it was hot; and then I went and stood at the end of the car, for if there's any thing spoils my appetite it's to be watched. I always make my fellow look out of the window while I'm at dinner, unless he's actually doing something.

When we'd fairly got started I looked round and found Miss Kitty had finished her supper, so I came back and took the cup. She had left a good bit of the cake in the saucer, and I told her I was afraid it wasn't good. She said, "Oh yes;" but I knew better: so when I had quietly chucked the cup and saucer out a back window, cake and all, I got out my little package of grouse, split a roll, laid some delicious bits of breast on it, salted and cayenned them, and took it to her with a clean napkin underneath.

"There, Miss Kitty," said I, "is something better than that cake which you couldn't eat."

She looked up in astonishment.

"Why you are a regular magician, Mr. Brewin," said she. "Where could you get wild-ducks at this time and place?"

Now that was a little discouraging, wasn't it? To find that she didn't know grouse from wild-duck, for I consider an appreciative taste in food one of the first accomplishments. But I explained, and the little girl soon showed that she could eat grouse if she couldn't name them. It did my very heart good to see how she relished those tid-bits, though she didn't eat them all, and only a crumb of the roll, so I finished what she left, and Gad, Sir, I never tasted a sweeter morsel! I tried the rest of the grouse afterward, but it was another thing.

Well, I tucked Kitty all up again in the blanket, fixed the pillow, and got a "Thank you," and a smile that was almost as good as a—well, as I should fancy a kiss might be, and I was just settling myself for a nap when,

"Ne-ew Haven! Cha-ange cars!" yelled the conductor in at the door, and I could see the fellow's eyes twinkle with satisfaction as he looked at me and my arrangements.

I'll just ask any reasonable Christian if this wasn't enough to make a man swear! If it hadn't been for frightening that little girl, I promise you I would have tried what relief there was in it; but out of regard to her I didn't say any thing stronger than her own "Oh dear!" but I looked at that conductor as I passed him with my pillow and blanket. I looked at him till I saw his eyes blink, but I didn't say a word.

The new car was as hot as the other had been cold, crammed with people, and so close that they must have spent their time all the way from Boston in calking the windows and ventilators. However, I found a seat two people had just left, got open a ventilator, and we sat down together.

I put the pillow under Kitty's feet, and wrapped the blanket round her; but there was an arm in the middle of the seat, so she couldn't have laid down if I had given her the whole.

Poor little thing! She was so tired by this time that she dropped right to sleep with her head against the high back of the seat; but, with the jolting of the cars, it kept sliding one way and the other, until at last I put up my hand and drew it down to my shoulder. When I had done it I was frightened. Perhaps she would be so angry when she woke that she wouldn't speak to me again. Perhaps it was abusing the trust my friend had placed in me when he put his cousin under my charge. At first I would have given any thing to put that head back where I took it from; but pretty soon I forgot all this in seeing how pretty those yellow curls looked, straggling down from under the blue hood and across my coat, and how delicate the line of the profile was, and how calm and even the breath that kept rising in little warm puffs against my cheek.

Perhaps all this is simple enough to other men who have been through such things in their youth; but I can tell you that when a man comes to be fifty, and never has known any woman so well as his negro laundress, why this sort of thing seems like a new revelation.

Sleep, Sir! I didn't close my eyes again that night, I promise you. I just sat there, hardly daring to breathe for fear of disturbing her, thinking and thinking whether it might be possible that a day would come when she would put that little head on my breast of her own accord, and whether there could be any thing in me that might make her forgive my fifty years and my selfish old bachelor ways. I never wronged her thinking that my money would tempt her; but it did please me to fancy how I could bring treasures from the ends of the earth to heap upon her; and I thought how I could give all the rest of my life to making her happy, and worship her as no young man ever could. Fact, Sir, I think there's something in witchcraft; they believe it in the East, and why shouldn't we? And, unless I was bewitched that night, I can't understand my own folly; for before the gray morning light came in at the window I had built the finest castle that ever stood in Spain, and had brought myself to believe that it was very likely Miss Kitty might consent to inhabit it with me.

They say there's no fool like an old fool, and I believe it.

Just as I was thinking of the set of diamonds I'd order for her from London, Miss Kitty awoke, and lifted up her head so sleepily that I don't believe she knew where it had been lying.

By this time we were getting into New York, and she rubbed her eyes and said she must put on her bonnet. So I handed it down, and watched her put it on, and then admired the neat way she folded the little hood and put it in her traveling-bag. When all was done, she turned smiling to me, and said,

"I am sure you must have daughters of your own, Mr. Brewin, you are so interested in hoods and bonnets."

Here was a blow at the very foundation-stone of my castle; but I stammered out that I had no daughters, and was not even married.

"Oh!" said Miss Kitty, and looked a little confounded. I suppose she had thought me a patriarch.

However, I thought I should look differently after I had been to the dentist and the barber, and I asked:

"Shall you stay long in New York, Miss Kitty?"

"Mrs. Lewis, please. No, Sir; I shall join some friends at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and leave with them to-morrow for California. I am going out to join my husband, who has been there a year."

I took a shower-bath once, and the sensation I experienced when Mrs. Lewis pronounced these words brought back that horrible moment as no effort of memory could possibly have done.

Whether that girl—for she couldn't have been over twenty—was the most innocent or the most artful of creatures I don't know. Whether she knew what she had been doing all night, and took a malicious pleasure in finishing off the business with this last neat little blow, or whether she had just thought me a civil old man who took a fatherly interest in her, I won't presume to say. But I think—I hope the latter, for the sake of human nature, for the sake of my own belief in womankind.

I didn't say any thing for a minute, and then I wished her a pleasant voyage.

She thanked me, and said she could hardly hope to find so kind and attentive a companion as I had been.

I looked at her sharply enough, and her eyes looked straight into mine with a little smile, but not the least bit of malice. No, Sir, I'll never believe that girl had been consciously making a fool of me. She never could have given me that look afterward.

We didn't say much more, for we were almost at the station. I put her in a carriage, paid the man, and gave him the direction. Then I took off my hat and wished her good-morning; but she put a little white hand out at the window for me to shake, and said,

"Good-by, Sir. I shall never forget your kindness."

That was the last I saw of her.

Well, well, it was more my own fault than any one's else, I suppose. But if Tom Renard had introduced me as he should have done, or she had spoken of her husband at first instead of at last, I shouldn't have been what I now consider myself—an aggrieved man.

THE VAMPIRE.

It was in February, 184—, that, having obtained the appointment of usher through the interest of a friend, I started on my way to N—— for the first time. I occupied myself a great deal, as may be imagined, in speculating on my future kind of life, and once or twice I fell asleep. At length the coach drew up in the old market-place and I alighted.

I was accosted by a boy, a pale-faced boy, with a peculiar expression of countenance that seemed to haunt me with its singularity, "Was I for N—— Grammar School?"

I was.

Then the doctor had commissioned him to show me the way. And he went with me accordingly.

My companion was taciturn beyond any thing that my experience of boys had hitherto encountered. I asked some questions as to the school. He would answer monosyllabically, and then relapse into silence, apparently regarding his shoestring with the most intense interest. His reticence did not appear to me to be the result either of shyness or churlishness. Had he not been so young a boy I should have said his spirit was crushed out of him by the possession of a deadly secret. Altogether his manner puzzled me.

My speculations, however, were cut short by our arrival at the school, and in the occupation of making the doctor's acquaintance and arranging my room, I had little time to think of my recent companion. At supper I noticed him among the other boys, but as soon as he caught my eye he turned his head away abruptly. A mysterious boy.

After supper and prayers the doctor called me aside.

"Mr. Merton," he said, "the dormitory attached to your room is under your supervision. Be so good as keep a sharp look-out on it. There is something wrong," he added, in a lower voice, "about that dormitory, and I should be only too glad if your vigilance could discover it. It is a most mysterious circumstance. The ventilation appears to me to be most efficient; in fact, I am assured it is by competent authorities, and yet if I put the most healthy boy there, in three or four days he becomes pale and haggard. It's a very extraordinary thing, and most annoying. Saunderson," he added, pointing to the mysterious boy, who was looking into the fire with the strange, abstracted look I had noticed before, "is the prefect of your dormitory, and will initiate you into any of our customs. Good-night."

In a quarter of an hour all the boys were safely in bed and the lights out. I should have mentioned that my bedroom commanded a view of the dormitory by means of a window which I could open or shut at pleasure. The doctor's parting words had connected themselves in my mind with the mysterious boy. I felt disinclined for sleep, so shading my lamp, I stationed myself at the window and took up a book. I heard the clock strike eleven—twelve—one. By a restless impulse which I could not account for, I felt constrained to go round the dormitory at the risk of disturbing its occupants. All was quiet. The twenty-five boys were all slumbering peacefully on, and as I looked at each one in turn, I bore witness to the truth of the doctor's assertion as to the pallor and haggardness of the inmates of my dormitory. They might have been scholars of Dotheboy's Hall.

Nearest my window slept Saunderson. The odd expression that had attracted my notice seemed to have given place in sleep to an expression of peaceful innocence more befitting his years, and as he lay with one arm thrown over the quilt I thought him even nice-looking.

I had not been in my room five minutes before I was attracted by a sound from the dormitory, and looking through the window, I saw Saunderson rise from his bed and approach that of his nearest neighbor. He leaned over him and—oh, Heaven!—the sight seemed to paralyze me!

I saw him with some sharp instrument open a vein in the boy's neck, and applying his lips, he drank a long draught of blood!

In a moment all was explained; the pallor of his companions, his own strange manner. Saunderson was a vampire!

I had read of these monsters, and had regarded them as the creations merely of a popular superstition. Now, at that midnight hour, I found myself face to face with one, and with one, too, who was destined to be my near companion perhaps for years.

Meanwhile the boy-vampire had quitted his first victim, and, to my inexpressible horror, was smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach, after the manner of a drunkard who has taken a draught of more than usually generous wine. He passed on to the next bed and repeated his loathsome operation.

Five beds did I see him visit in this manner, while the power of motion seemed dried up in me with very horror. I essayed to shout, but the sound died upon my lips. I struggled to leap through the window and fall upon the monster, but, luckily for me, or murder might have been the result, an unseen power seemed to rivet me to the spot. Suddenly I turned and fled down the corridor like a maniac.

To arouse the doctor was the work of a moment. I tried to explain it to him in a few hurried words, but my agitation was so great, and my speech so incoherent, that I must have appeared to be wandering. I dragged him into my room, and pointing to the open window I left the terrible facts to speak for themselves.

A moment afterward I saw him leap through the window and alight at Saunderson's feet. I saw the boy raise his lips from the sixth victim and meet the gaze of the doctor. I saw him fling himself at his feet, and heard him crave in piteous accents for mercy.

"The impulse was upon me," he said; "I could not resist it. Doctor, I loathe, I hate myself more than you can loathe or hate me; but I can not resist it. Oh, I am miserable—miserable!"

His wail was so piteous that I felt my loathing fast turning into commiseration. Yes, I pitied this monster. This was the terrible secret that he bore about him; this was the curse that, more surely than the leprosy of old, separated him from his fellow-beings, and made his inmost soul cry out, "Unclean, unclean!" Surely he *was* to be pitied.

I looked into the doctor's eye to read there if his feelings were akin to mine, but he was little accustomed to allow his face to be an index to the soul within. I could see naught. He merely said, "This must be seen to." Then he added, "Mr. Merton, you are agitated; you had better retire." He left the room with Saunderson, and I heard the key of the turret-chamber turned.

The vampire was in solitary confinement, with no blood to prey upon but his own!

I turned into bed, and tried to compose myself to sleep; but it was not to be. I felt a shock as of an earthquake, and the next moment I awoke up in the coach, which was jogging over the rough stones of C—— High Street.

"I fear you have been dreaming, Sir," said my opposite neighbor.

I had indeed.

But the most curious part is yet to come.

In due time I really did reach N——. The coach put up at the White Hart, so I had no need of a boy, vampire or otherwise, to show me the Grammar School. I met with a kind welcome from the doctor, and supped with him and his wife in private. In the pleasures of the social meal I could afford to laugh at my strange dream, merely noting that the doctor was singularly like the doctor my fertile brain had conjured up, and that what I saw of the school on alighting bore an equal resemblance to its phantom counterpart. But then I had had a very minute description both of the one and the other, so no great wonder after all.

"The boys are gone to bed," said the doctor, rising and lighting my candle, "and I dare say you will not be sorry to follow their example. I have had a bed prepared in my dressing-room, so that you may not be disturbed. To-morrow night you can take charge of your dormitory. There are twenty-five boys under your supervision."

"What a singular coincidence!" I thought as I retired, and I cudgeled my brains in vain to recall if any one could have revealed to me this item of the internal economy of N—— Grammar School. In this process I fell into a profound and dreamless sleep, from which I was recalled in the morning by the six o'clock bell.

After prayers I took my class, and there sure enough straight before me was Saunderson, the vampire! I never was so utterly and hopelessly confused in all my life. There he was, no mistake at all about it, only he appeared to be nervous and shy, rather than burdened with conscious guilt. I could not take my eyes off him. I fairly stared him out of countenance. He took refuge in a scrutiny of his shoe-string, and the likeness was complete!

"Saunderson, construe."

"Who, Sir?" asked a dozen voices.

"That boy," I said, indicating the vampire.

"Oh, Sir, Norris."

The difference of name seemed to remove an incubus from me. Norris *alias* Saunderson, *alias* the vampire, essayed to construe, but he broke down hopelessly, and took refuge in the shoe-string. It *was* Saunderson: there was no denying it. To-night I should see him "tapping" the dormitory boys, and smacking his horrid lips over the loathsome draught. I hated Norris religiously.

"Norris," said the doctor in the afternoon, "show Mr. Merton the town." I was obliged to submit. "One of my best boys," he whispered, as we passed out. I shrugged my shoulders.

Norris showed me every thing N—— could boast of, and to do him justice, he evidently strove hard to please; but I found him as taciturn and monosyllabic as my dream had foreshadowed, and, as you may suppose, I took no trouble to draw out a vampire.

At night I had some business to transact with the doctor, and when I sought my chamber the boys were in bed and asleep—twenty-five boys—and Norris just under my window! Before putting out the lamp I looked at each. They were as healthy-looking a set as one could desire to see. I almost resented their good condition. What business had four-and-twenty boys to look fat and well-liking when they slept with a vampire?

I visited Norris last. There he lay, just as I had pictured him, one hand on the quilt, and the look of peaceful innocence on his face. One thing was certain, Norris was very handsome. I may add that the arrangement of the dormitory and of my own room were precisely similar to that portrayed in my dream. I should have felt the same uncertainty as to whether I had heard of it beforehand, as I did with regard to the number of boys in the dormitory, were it not for the utterly inexplicable resemblance between Saunderson and Norris. I worked myself into such a fit of nervousness that I added yet another coincidence by sitting up in the window, whence I fully expected to see Norris arise and practice his blood-sucking. But though I heard the clock strike not only eleven, twelve, and one, but all the hours up to six, nothing of the kind happened. After a while, though a settled aversion to Norris remained, out of which I found it impossible to reason myself, I ceased endeavoring to catch him in overt acts of vampirism, and even the singular pertinacity with which I persisted, at least once in the course of the day, in addressing him as Saunderson, and the strange dislike which I bore him, and which was only too apparent to all, at length ceased to cause any speculation.

Months passed on and brought with them various changes. I was comfortably settled at N——, and still had from my window the supervision of the "North Dormitory." But Norris's place knew him no more. He had not gone into solitary confinement in the turret chamber as a convicted vampire. He was dying in a deep decline, and I, as a religious duty, was battling strongly and manfully with my aversion. One day he sent for me. I found him in his favorite position, one arm thrown over the coverlet. It was the well-known position of my dream.

"Oh, thank you," he said, bursting into tears. "Oh, Mr. Merton, why have you disliked me so, when I have always prayed that you might like me? Why have you shunned me as you would a vampire?"

What could I say? I could only blubber as a child.

"When I get well will you promise to like me?"

Of course I promised, and did bitter penance in spirit for my injustice. But I never had the power of fulfilling my word. He died in a few days.

His simple cross in N—— church-yard—I visited it the other day—bears the inscription:

WALTER NORRIS,
In Peace,
AGED TWELVE YEARS.
SEPTEMBER 6TH, 184—.

I begged his mother, to whom I related all the circumstances, to allow me to erect it to his memory, and for years my hands planted and tended the flowers at its base. In an old desk, among the relics of the past, such as the coldest among us hoard up, one of my dearest treasures is a lock of light curling hair, and a boy's neck-tie, the paper attached to which is labeled with the suggestive word, "Saunderson."

I should not have recorded this dream were it not for the strange coincidence attached to it. I must leave to scientific men the explanation of the mystery. Can it be that my unkindness was a necessary discipline for Norris, and that the dream was permitted for his good? Who can say?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Squaring the Circle.—If you think it an easy thing to square the circle, just go and settle your wife's bill for hoops.

Horrible Affair.—At a dinner party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

BLUNT, BUT POINTED.

Our Quota(*tion*).—"Out of the *Fry*ing-pan into the fire."

A Horse Whisper.—It is rumored that in Paris the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul are giving the poor horse-flesh in-steed of beef and mutton. We shall expect to hear of the Sisters of Mercy introducing the diet into the *hos*pitals.

Origin of Teetotalism.—"A frog," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what liquors on cold water, and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts on every night, he does himself. He likewise perwides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a mill-pond. He is a warmint what ain't so bad when broiled on a grid-iron."

"EXTRA-ORDINARY REMEDY."

How to make your Hair Grow.—Get up early in the morning and gently scrape your skin with a boot-jack.

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

"The Roman Church," the Popes would neatly say,
"Is Peter's bark:" but *we* say something neater;
Henceforth the Letter, writ the other day
By the Ninth Pius, is the Bark of Peter.

A Functionary.—It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

A Polite Carpenter.—A country carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, gave so much offense that the next time the judge came the circuit he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "had I known it had been *for your lordship*, it would have been done immediately."

Nothing Like Leather.—A toast given for the shoe and leather manufacturers: "May they have all the women in the country to *shoe*, and the men to *boot*."

Abernethy "Floored."—The following anecdote is told of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy: One day, during an examination of a class of students, he asked one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the cool reply. "True," rejoined Abernethy. "And suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student; "for I should floor you directly."

That won't Wash.—Mrs. Brown is very much horrified at the advertisement of a new style of dress. "Neaclaine, indeed," said that estimable lady, "I wouldn't wear it unless it was quite clean."

Why is a badly-conducted hotel like a fiddle?—Because it's a *vile inn*.

Situation of the Pope.—Non *Possum*-us up a gum-tree.

"You, Sambo, you have fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed 'um," replied Sambo. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one: dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count him!"

Dean Swift, while resident in a village where he had a living, was frequently shaved by a barber to whom he became much attached. The barber one day told Swift that he had taken a public house, which he intended to carry on in conjunction with his trade as a barber, and respectfully requested the Dean to write him a line or two to put on his sign-board. The Dean took up his pen, and wrote this couplet:

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where naught excels the shaving but the beer."

A young man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker.

Base Coin.—Money placed in a foundation-stone.

A gentleman having attended a country chapel at which a local preacher who was a baker officiated, was asked by a friend if he did not think the sermon an eloquent one. "Yes," was the reply, "quite a *flowery* discourse."

Provoking.—To dream that you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself an editor.

The hat was passed round in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then looking toward the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer?—Because it makes the corn grow.

An Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the priest, "Good-morning, daughter of the Evil One," meekly replied, "Good-morning, father."

Wanted.—Some of the beer produced when "mischief is brewing."

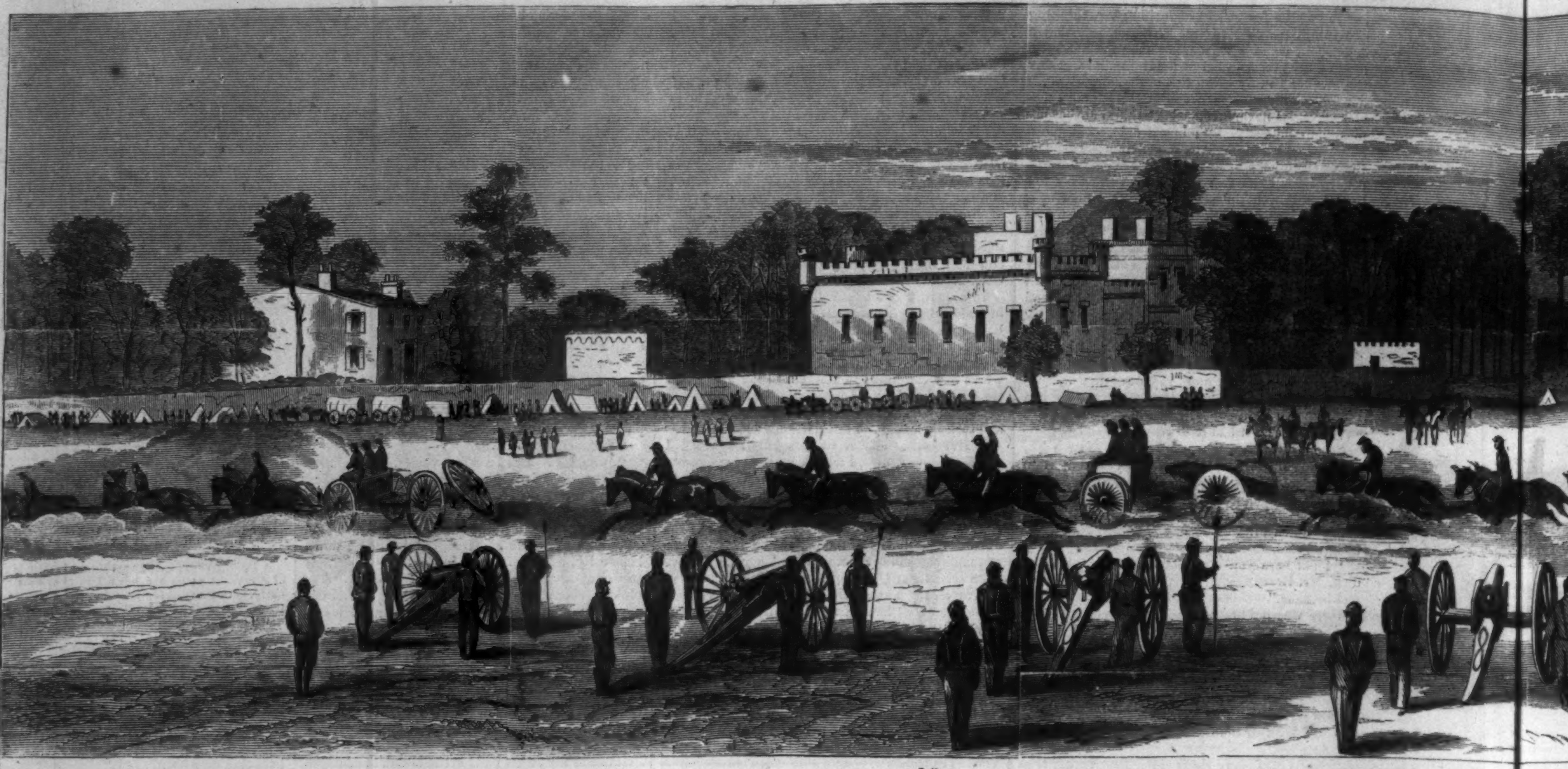
A Curious Loan.—"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover to his companion, "these sheep vont move a bit—lend us a bark of your dog, vill you?"

Why do pioneers go before the army?—To *axe* the way.

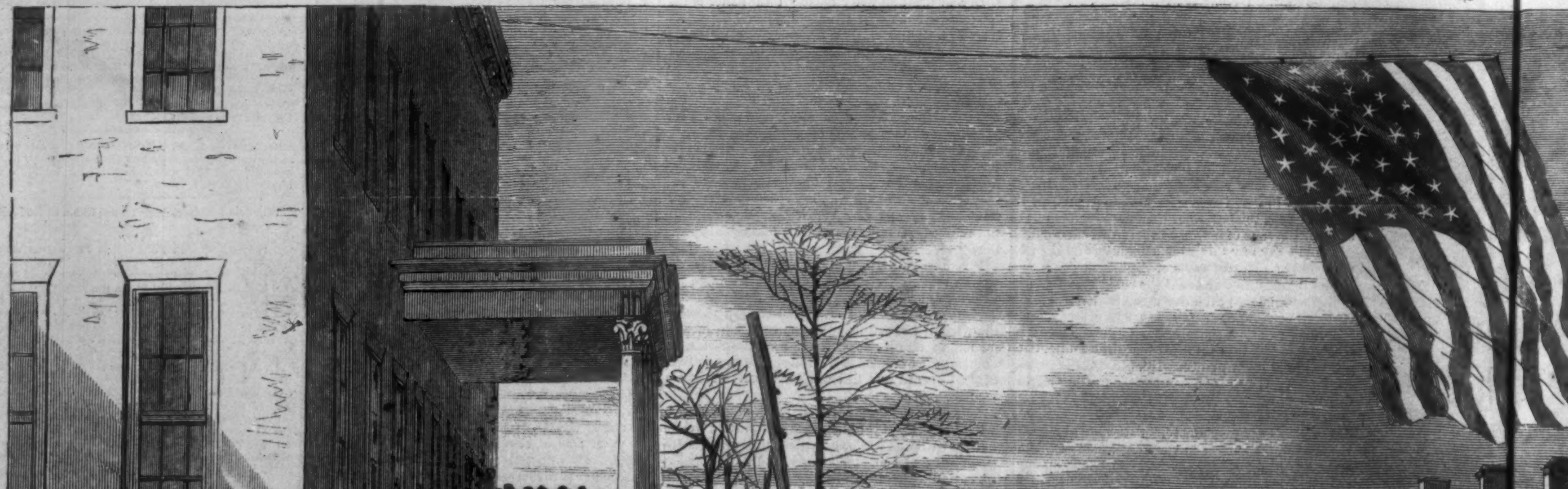
A Shrewd Suggestion.—A gentleman, being in company with the Earl of Chatham, was asked by his lordship for his definition of wit. "Wit," he replied, "my lord, is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

An Irishman, in passing through the streets, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with you, I lost three shillings by one like you yesterday."

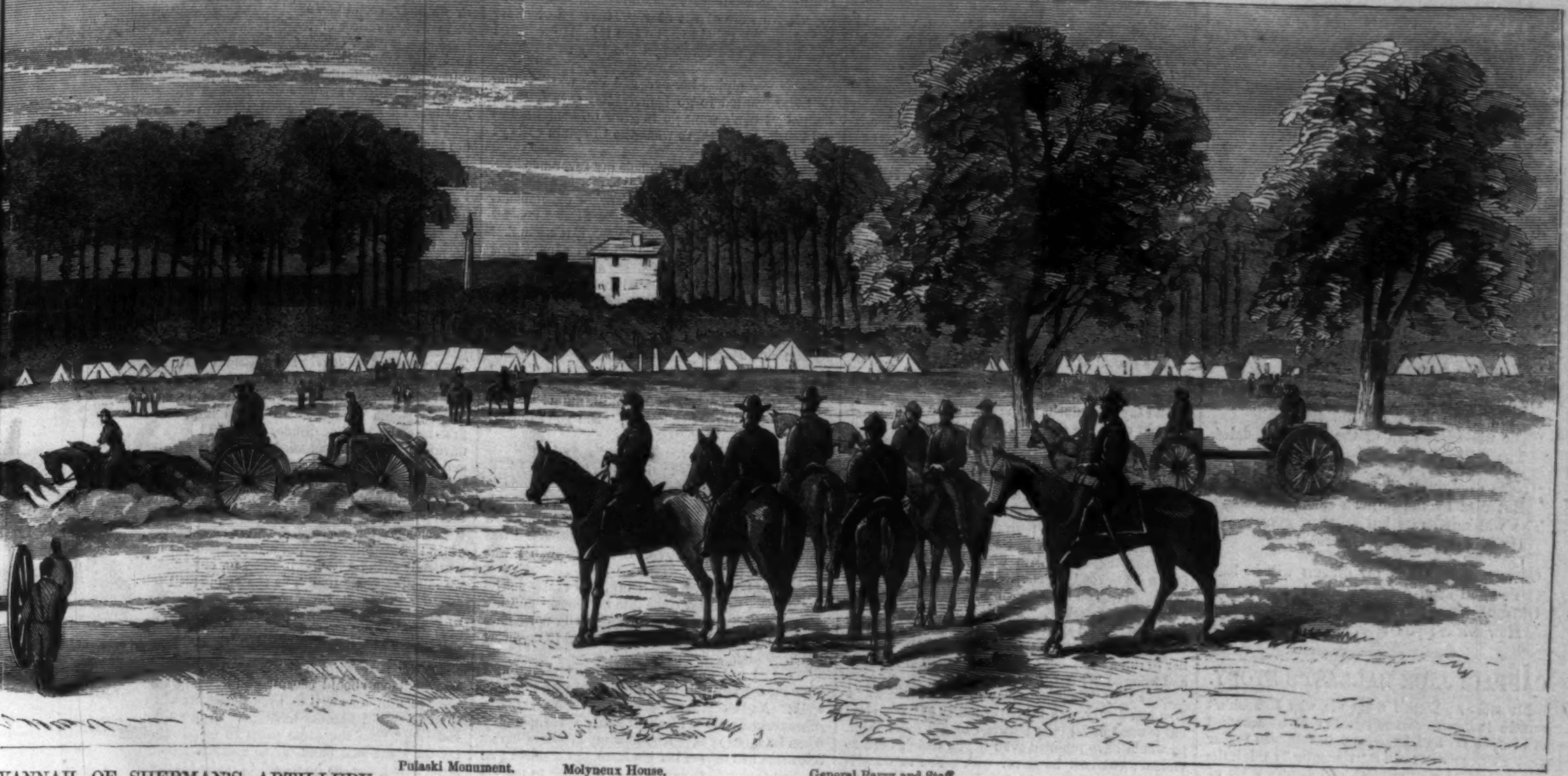
Why are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense!



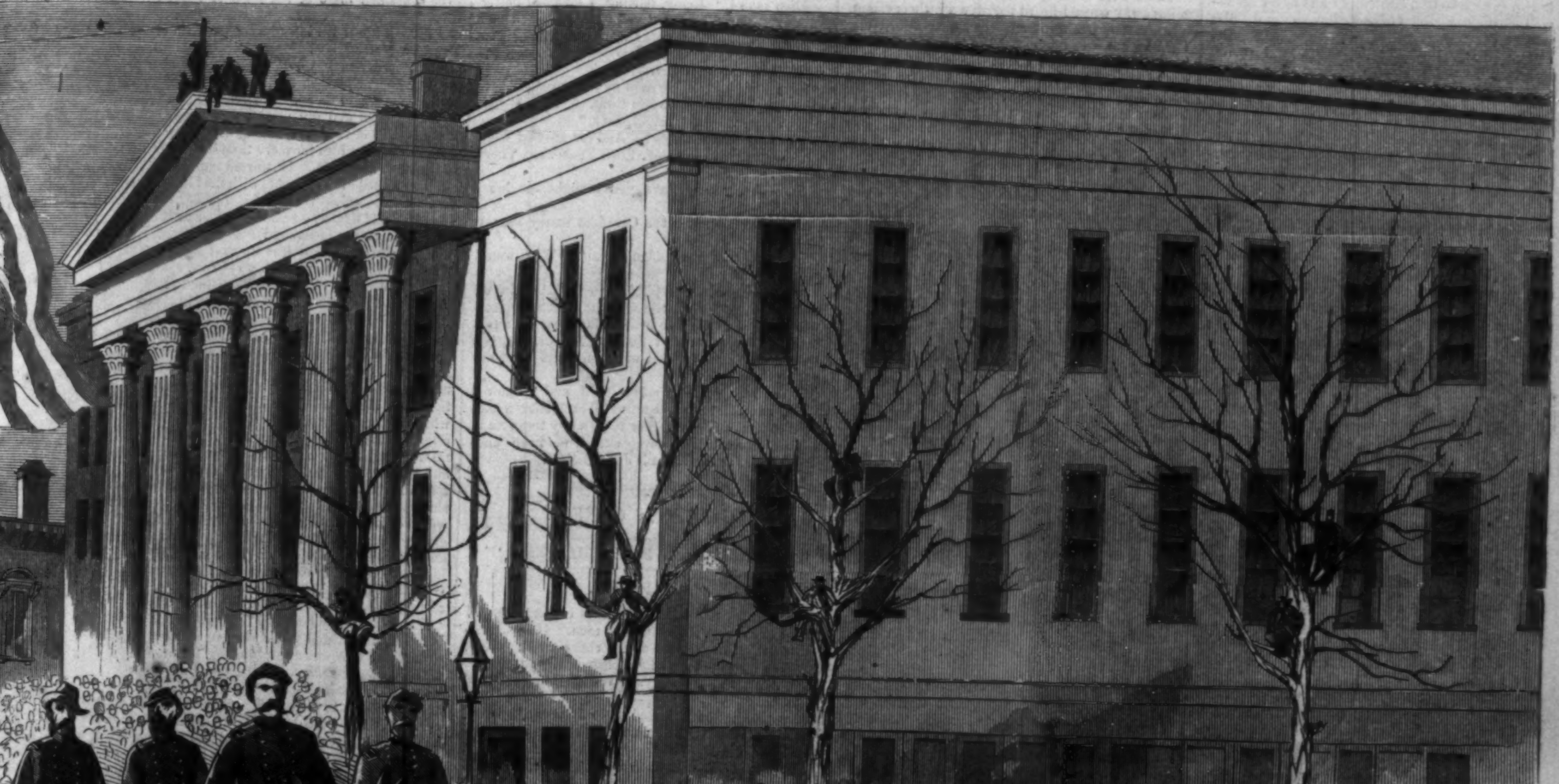
REVIEW, BY GENERAL BARRY, AT S VANN



GENERAL SHERMAN REVIEWING HIS ARMY AT S VANNAH


Pulaski Monument.
Molyneux House.
General Barry and Staff

VANNAH, OF SHERMAN'S ARTILLERY.


Custom-house.

NAH.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 93.]

THE WIND-MILL.

Now, who will live in the wind-mill, who,
With the powdery miller-man?
The miller is one, but who'll make two,
To share his loaf and can?

"Oh I will live with the miller, I!
To grind the corn is grand;
The great black sails go up on high,
And come down to the land!"

Now, who will be the miller's bride?
The miller's in haste to wed
A girl in her pride, with a sash at her side,
A girl with a curly head!

"Oh I will be the miller's wife;
The dust it is all my joy;
To live in a wind-mill all my life
Would be a sweet employ!"

Then spake the goblin of the sails
(You heard but could not see),
"The wickedest man of the hills and dales,
The miller-man is he!

"None ever dwelt in the mill before
But died by the miller's steel;
The whiskered rats lap up their gore,
He grinds their bones to meal!"

Oh gossiping goblin, my dreams will be bad,
You tell such dreadful tales!
Oh mill, how secret you seem! how mad,
How wicked you look, black sails!

CAPTAIN JACK BALLAST'S STORY.

MY story? Well, I don't see why I shouldn't scratch it down. There's nothin' to be ashamed of in it, so far as I know, and though you reg'lar story writers mayn't call it "romantic," I think the wind sets that way myself; and there's a bit of love in it too, though you'd never think I was a subject for a love-story to look at me. I'm old enough, d'ye see, to feel safe about the draft, and brown enough to be a Hottentot; and as for flesh—well, no matter; some of you slim young dandies will be as stout as I be if you live as long. Besides, that fracas at Gibraltar didn't improve my looks. I'll tell you about that before the story is over, I reckon; at present I'd better heave ahead.

Fat as I am and old as I am, there was a time when I was as slender a young fellow as ever shipped afore the mast agin his parents' leave. They, Lord bless 'em! wanted to make a counter-jumper of me, and I tried measuring rags about a year. Then I couldn't stand it any longer, and jumped the old counter for good, and cut and went to sea. I'd had a hankering for it for a good while, and the only thing I ever regretted was the way my mother took it to heart. Wait a bit. Honor bright, there *was* one thing.

That was Jenny Blush, old Blush's only daughter, and the prettiest girl I ever cast eyes on. Her skin was just as soft and fair as any baby's. As for her hair, I've got a bit in my old desk up stairs, and though it's crossed the ocean about a dozen times, it's so bright now you'd take it for a gold chain coiled down under the bit of blue ribbon it's tied with.

Old Blush was my captain ashore. I mean to say, he was head of the big dry-goods store where they first set me to measuring rags, and Jenny used to come over every day after ribbons, and calico, and the like, and, Lord love ye! I don't find any fault with women-folks looking after such things, though it don't seem a man's place to sell 'em. She looked mighty pretty when she put 'em on, did Jenny. Father and old Blush were fast friends, and when they found out that I was sweet on Jenny they put their heads together and resolved to sanction the match. I was to be taken into partnership, d'ye see, and was to step into the rag business when the old man stepped out. "Dry-goods, wholesale and retail," was on the sign, but I always called 'em rags.

Well, Jenny and I were fond of each other, and knew it already; so, the old folks being agreeable, we saw a good deal of each other Sundays and evenings, to say nothing of the errands she made to the store. And I used to wish I could make up my mind to it and stay ashore; but I couldn't, not if I'd died for it. I heard the waves beating about my bed in dreams. I hated the cloth yard and the scissors so that they made me ill. And one night I told Jenny so. She cried a bit; but by-and-by she owned that she didn't hate me for it, and we talked of the time when I should be a captain, and she should make every voyage with me, and have a cabin like a parlor for herself.

Then she let me kiss her. P'r'aps she kissed me back; and I cut off the yellow curl I told you of with a pair of scissors—the only pleasant job I ever did with the confounded things in all my life.

That night I ran away, and though I blubbered like a baby when I passed mother's door, you couldn't have coaxed me back again. What a man wants to be he will be; and there are men meant from their cradles for the water as sartin as the fish are.

I got a letter from old mammy that cut me up, I don't deny; but I knew she'd come around, and I didn't guess the worst—how should I? When it first came to me that a man that sold rags was better than a sailor it took my breath away. That was when I first went home, d'ye see! Mammy, she scolded and cried and kissed me; but Martha, and Melinda, and brother Charles Augustus pitched into me ferocious. Says they: "You've disgraced your family—we've been respectable, ginteel folks all our lives, and now we're to have a common sailor for a brother." I caught it—a reg'lar gale; and father put in his oar regarding disobedience. When that came I cleared out, and marched over to old Blush's. Nobody was home but Jenny, and she ran into my arms. Well, we were billing and cooing, as sweet-hearts mostly do, I reckon, when old Blush came home to tea. I never heard a gale o' wind roar louder than he did when he saw me.

"What do *you* want here, Sir?" says he.

Says I, "Don't you recollect me, Mr. Blush? I'm Jack Ballast."

Says he, "I recollect you well enough, and how dare you show your face here?"

Says I, "I came to see my Jenny."

"Your Jenny?" says he. "My good fellow, Miss Jenny Blush is no match for a common sailor before the mast; and whatever there may have been between you when you were entitled to my respect is all over now. You have your choice of walking quietly out yourself or of being kicked out."

Any one but Jenny's father would have been floored for that. I just looked down and saw my fists shut up of themselves, and tried to keep 'em so.

Says I, cool as I could, "I don't mean to be before the mast all my life, Sir. I expect to be a captain some day."

And says old Blush, "A man with no advantages brought up to the sea might boast o' that; but you might have been a partner in our firm, Sir. You might have been a gentleman, and had as good a business in the dry-goods line as any man alive. And you've chosen to be a roving rascal. And I'd see my daughter in her grave before I'd give her to you. Sam, show this person out."

That was the nigger just come aboard the parlor with the coal-hod. And when he said that my fists were beyond my control, and the last I saw of old Blush was on his back on the hearth-rug. Then says I to the darkey, "Touch me if you want to, you rascal;" and stalked out.

I saw Jenny on the sly next day and tried to get her to run away; but the girl had a will of her own and knowed her duty.

Says she, "I can't disobey my father, Jack. I love you dearly, and I'll never marry any one else; but it must be all over between us. I don't think pa would have relented even if you hadn't been so violent; but now he never will. You've done it yourself, Jack," she said, turning quite white and looking away from me. "You liked the sea best, and you've got it instead of me."

Those were the last words she said; and I was going away when I heard her give a little cry, and, turning, saw her arms stretched out toward me. Then I went back and folded her to my bosom, and kissed her a hundred times. And I'm afraid I cursed her hard old father from the bottom of my soul, though 'twasn't aloud, for, mind ye, a woman is a woman, and words good enough for other men's ears ain't to be spoken before her. The sight of Jenny as I left her, with her yellow hair blown back under the bare tree branches, all bright with icicles, haunted me for many a long day; and though I loved the sea there were times when, looking over the side, I used to fancy a voice deep down in the waves whispering her words over again.

"You've done it yourself, Jack, you liked the sea better than me, and you've got it."

It doesn't take long for the years to go by, either on the land or on the ocean. They went with me as with other folks. I got on well enough. Before I knew it I was second mate, then first mate, then captain. I suppose I should have sailed the sea until they buried me in it if it hadn't been for my first mate, John Hamlin. I loved that fellow as I might have loved a brother, if I'd had a better one than Charles Augustus. At Gibraltar Hamlin got into a row with some English soldiers. They'd all been drinking together; of course I took his part. They had fire-arms about them, and used 'em on each other. I didn't save Hamlin, for they shot him dead; but I got a couple of bullets in me, and was picked up just as near Davy Jones's locker as man ever was who didn't go into it. I got well again, but, as you may say, on the invalid list; and as I'd laid by a handful of money and was past forty, I made up my mind to stay ashore and take care of Tom Hamlin's orphan children. He had two of them, both girls. I settled down in New York and fetched them home, poor half-starved creatures, for the woman they were boarded with was given to drink and kept them on bread and treacle; and as they told me I must, I put them in black frocks—they'd have felt just as bad in red—and settled down to be comfortable. Soon I looked out for a chaplain to pass Sunday as it ought to be; and the Rev. Eben Tooker's church being handy, I shipped under him along with the gals, and as I always did my duty, never pretended not to see the plate when the steward shoved it up our pew. Rev. Eben Tooker was a sociable man. He used to drop in evenings and talk to me about my soul; and though I can't say but what I dropped asleep sometimes he knowed his duty when he did it. A captain's duty is one thing, and a chaplain's is another.

One day he spoke about poor Hamlin's gals. Says he, "You send them to school, I hope." Says I, "I haven't done it—gals are better without learning, if they can read their Bibles and cipher out the butcher's bills."

But he kept on, and pretty soon I let him examine 'em. Lord love ye, they hardly knew their letters. The schoolin' as well as the board had gone for gin.

"The poor heathen are scarcely more benighted," said our chaplain. He insists on my saying pastor, but t'other sounds the best.

"We must find an instructress for them, Captain."

"Surely," said I—I wanted to do the best by poor Tom's children that I could—"surely; just mention a school-marm, Chaplain."

Says he, "My own are under the care of the person who plays our organ—a highly estimable lady in reduced circumstances. Her school is close by. No. — Broome Street.

So he wrote the name and address on a card, and I promised to take the girls there.

Monday morning we set sail. I bought 'em spelling-books and satchels and slates, and by nine o'clock we were at the door. There I looked for the card, and, behold ye, I'd lost it! Howsever, I was in port, and could hail the lady as "school-marm."

Betsy was piping her eye, and Peg was bawling that she wanted to go home. But says I, "No, no, gals, I don't want ye to grow up benighted as the heathen, and that's what the Chaplain calls ye now."

So I lugged 'em in, and made my reverence.

"Duty, ma'am," says I; "here's two gals as needs instruction. Rev. Eben Tooker recommended you to giv' it to 'em, and whatever extra it is for playin' the organ let 'em larn it; for, if it's you that works it in the top loft o' Sundays, you know how to do it. Cappen Jack Ballast at your sarvice. Send the bills to him, and he'll foot 'em."

I ain't bold with women. I'm a bit bashful afore strange uns even yet. And I hadn't looked at her. But when I spoke out my name she gave a little scream and started back. Of course I couldn't help looking at her then, and she was sitting down with a handkerchief before her face.

Says I, "Beg pardon, are you ill, mum?"

Says she, still not looking up, "Did you say your name was Captain Ballast?"

"Jack Ballast, at your sarvice," says I.

Says she, "Oh, Jack! don't you know me?"

Says I, "Look up, and I'll make sure." And she lifted up her face and I saw—well it wasn't the pink cheeked girl I knew. It wasn't a girl at all, but a pale woman, long past thirty, but in a minute it was Jenny Blush again—a great deal more than I was young Jack Ballast.

"Jenny," says I, "oh, Jenny, is it really you?"

And then the color came into her cheeks and her eyes glittered, and she whispered, "Oh, not before the school, Jack;" for I had caught her to my heart and kissed her.

We had not much time to palaver then, but I came for her again in the evening and took her for a walk. And she told me how the rag store had been shipwrecked, and old Blush dropped dead of apoplexy when he knew of it. And how my brother Charles Augustus had offered her his hand, but she had said no, and preferred to earn her own living to marrying one she did not love while there was some one living whom she did. And how it was fifteen years ago—fifteen weary years.

Then says I, "Jenny, darling, I love *you* better than ever, now I've found you again. When you told my brother there was some one living you loved did you mean me?"

"Yes, Jack," says she.

Says I, "Now you've seen me—a weather-beaten, scarred old sailor, do you think the same?"

Says she, "I always shall, Jack."

"Come on then," says I. And not another word until we came to the Rev. Eben Tooker's. There I rang the bell.

Says she, "Why have you brought me here, Jack?"

Says I, "To make the Chaplain marry us, my love."

Says she, "It's too sudden. I can't. What would people say?"

"No matter for people," says I. And in we walked. And for all she told me that no woman was ever married before in a delaine dress and straw bonnet, Chaplain didn't find it any obstacle, but spliced us. And so after nineteen years I got my Jenny for my own.

I don't think she's sorry for it, and I know I ain't; and as for poor Tom's children, she's a mother to 'em. And whether there's any romance in my story or not, it's a happy one for me in the ending, as sure as my name is Jack Ballast.

CLEMENT CAREW.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

MY father was a small working carpenter, and I may say a thoroughly honest man. He and mother prided themselves on the character they bore, and on having always kept clear of the parish—no easy matter in those days. We lived in a crowded and unhealthy part of B——, and our windows, like many in the court, looked on to a burying-ground, which was so choked up with graves that skulls and bones were constantly being turned up when they went to make a fresh one. The neighborhood was seldom free from one kind of fever or another, and children died off there sadly. Mother always said it was the bad air from the grave-yard that killed her three children, coming between me and little baby Betsy, and that kept her so weak and ailing herself. But though she often talked with father of moving to a healthier quarter they never did so, for the very bad name of our place made the rent cheaper, and we had no money to spare for moving. It was not till the year of the dreadful fever which raged in B——, and struck down more than a third of the folks in our court, that the authorities turned their attention to the fearful state of those crowded dwellings, and the unwholesome atmosphere that surrounded them, and caused the cemetery to be finally closed. Alas! for too many that precaution came too late.

I was just fifteen at that time; and for two years had regularly attended the Reverend Ernest Penrhyn's Sunday-school, as well as certain evening lectures organized by him in our district. He was only a curate, and a very poor one; but so remarkable a man that, perhaps before I speak of what he did, I had better say something of what he was.

There are some human beings whom the Almighty has gifted with a strange power of leading their fellow-men, not by words alone, nor even example, but by some innate faculty they possess, of which they themselves are often scarcely conscious. Mr. Penrhyn was one of these. Simple, truthful, indescribably earnest, he never seemed to bestow a thought upon himself. His whole heart was in his work; and he gloried in that with a great pride—almost entire devotion. Early and late he was about it, scarcely seeming to feel fatigue. Wherever there was suffering or need there you found *him*, helping, advising, encouraging. He was the most cheery of human beings. I have seen other excellent clergymen, doing their work in a faithful spirit, but I never saw one who labored with such real love for his duty as he did. It was that love which kept him up, often under a degree of pressure that would have crushed many a stronger man. He had a young wife, who was indeed his helpmeet. The bishop was once heard to say that Mrs. Penrhyn was as good as two ordinary curates; and he spoke the truth. She was sweet to look upon; with dark hair and eyes, and fresh blooming cheeks that reminded you of opening roses. He, on the contrary, was fair, somewhat pale, with kind blue eyes, golden hair, and a general delicacy of look that struck you painfully. He was about thirty-five at the time of which I speak; she some six years younger. I wish I could bring that pair before you as I used to see them—as I see them now. They were indeed lovely and pleasant in their outward appearance, and still more so in their lives.

I can hardly tell you how we boys loved Mr. Penrhyn—the master, as we called him. When first he came to that district there had been some unruly spirits who had tried to ridicule his efforts and his teaching; but he soon got the better of those, partly by firmness, partly by love. (He could be firm enough, and angry enough too, on occasion.) But now he had it all his own way in the schools; for, you see, we were so entirely convinced of his excellence, and that whatever he did was done out of a loving interest for our good, that we followed him blindly, as the young will follow a leader they both reverence and regard. And it was not only in school-hours that we saw him. At his lectures, his evening meetings, his visits at our homes, we were accustomed to speak to him freely and without fear. He liked it. He used to say that his boys should consult him in every thing—their pleasures as well as their duties, and in time the two might become identical. And we did so. He would take the same pains to mend a broken toy for some sick child, or to teach a stupid boy some new game, as he would to make his lectures entertaining, or the Christmas magic-lantern laughable. He was always trying to infuse a drop of happiness into our cup. No heart in this world ever contained more of the milk of human kindness.

I did not know till later how poor Mr. and Mrs. Penrhyn really were; but had their income been ever so large, they would always have shared it with those who needed, for it was their principle as well as nature to do so. A strong regard existed between them and my parents; and when father was taken ill of the fever, among many in our court, the master gave him far more than his proper share of time and attention. He nursed him like a brother; he soothed his dying ears with the blessed promises of the gospel. Well do I remember that time of horror and dismay—some so selfish in their terror—some so generous and self-denying. Night and day Mr. Penrhyn was up and about; where the fever raged worst, and people were afraid to venture, there you might be sure to find him, watching, comforting, doing all that it was in the power of man to do. It was encouragement in itself to see his kind face and hear his cheery voice. People said he brought hope and consolation in with him. His wife, too, who, for her child's sake, remained at home, was always preparing comforts for the sick; ready to give him a cheerful welcome whenever he was able to snatch a few hours' respite from his labors, which was but seldom. Well, father died, as did many another round about us, and the very day he was buried sweet baby Betsy took ill too. Poor little thing! Though so young, she was as fond of the master as any of us. At the worst of times he had always found a moment to give her a jump and a toss when he came to see us, and she would crow with delight when she heard his step. But now she lay in mother's arms all fevered and helpless; and when the master, looking at her, said, with quite a break in his kind voice, "What, my Betsy bad too?" she could just put out her little hand, and make shift to stroke his coat sleeve, and that was all. She died in three days—our little baby Betsy—the pet of us all—that had been father's solace for many a month—she died, and was taken to lie by his side in the grave-yard near. Well, she was better with God than with us, as we had too good reason to feel before long.

Mother did what she could for her neighbors in that fearful time; she said it wasn't in nature to see such an example as the master's and not try to follow it. There was one family near us named Steele, about one of whom (there were but three of them) I must now say something. My father and Philip Steele's had been friends for years, and as children young Philip and I had been playmates; but when we two lads went to the master's school a spirit of rivalry sprang up between us, and a strong mutual dislike. He was a couple of years my senior, very handsome, and had a certain plausible way with him which made people like him. I, on the contrary, was naturally grave, taciturn, and reserved. Yet I think in his heart the master preferred me, though he was far too wise and too just to betray it openly. Indeed, his quick eye having detected the ill-will that existed between us, he more than once took us each to task for it. But he didn't succeed in making us love each other any the better; and when mother nursed Phil in a dangerous attack of the fever, and by God's mercy brought him through, my heart didn't warm to him as it should have done to a fellow-creature just escaped from death; and I only said he was lucky to have had such a nurse, and he'd do well to remember it. He hated me worse than ever from that very moment; and perhaps there was cause.

Mr. Tudor, the rector of B——, a very learned man, but said to be under the rule of his handsome wife, had quitted the town as soon as the fever appeared. He was not strong, and she persuaded him that he was more liable to take the disease in consequence—a great error in my judgment; for while numbers of the most robust were struck down in a moment, many who, like mother, had been long ailing, were altogether spared. However, Mr. Tudor went, leaving his curates to do the work of the parish in that time of fear and of distress. And nobly they did it too, never sparing themselves. But they were sadly overworked. One after another broke down under the strain; and one sultry afternoon, when the fever had quite disappeared from our court, it was whispered that Mr. Penrhyn was down with it. Then mother locked up her poor rooms, got a neighbor to take charge of me, and set off to give what help she could to the master and his dear young wife.

She found him very bad: for a whole day and night the doctors despaired of him. But his day's work was not yet over. He rallied, and the moment he was fit to move he was ordered to the sea-side, to try what change of air and rest would do for him.

Meanwhile I had not been improving in temper and disposition. My dislike to Philip Steele had increased to a detestation I took no pains either to conceal or overcome. We were always bandying bad words—always on the verge of a furious outbreak. I was wild that my mother should have nursed such a brute as I thought him; and he was equally savage at being continually reminded of the obligation. "I didn't want your mother!" he would say, glaring at me; "I didn't send for her. I wish she'd kept herself *to* herself, I'm sure!" "And I wish she had too," I once answered; "I wish you'd been let die in the fever—I do! and an excellent job too!"

The moment I had said it my conscience smote me. Was that the spirit my master had tried hard to teach us? But it was too late to unsay it, and I saw from the evil look in his eyes that he would not forget the speech.

After fever generally comes famine—it proved so in our town. Never had there been such distress before. The unions were full to overflowing, and there was literally no work to be got. Mother tried hard to earn enough for our support by taking in washing, and I helped her all I could. But, one by one, our little articles of furniture went to pay for rent and food—not good wholesome meat, but dry bread, with which to keep body and soul together. In father's lifetime we had never known want; we had lived hard, but had never been without a sufficiency to satisfy hunger, and often something to spare for our poorer neighbors. But now times were changed. I never knew what it was to feel satisfied. I envied the meanest shop-boy who had a meal to sit down to—the lowest scullion in a gentleman's plentiful kitchen. Mr. Penrhyn had promised to get me into some upholsterer's shop, where I might learn the trade thoroughly, of which father had already taught me a good deal; for he was a skillful workman. But my own wish was for service in some family where I could be sure of food and clothing, and see something of the world besides. We longed for Mr. Penrhyn's return, who, we knew, would both advise and assist us.

Meanwhile, mother, who had resisted the terrible epidemic, began to sink under what seemed to be perpetual fever. She had never been strong, and the labor and privation she now underwent were more than she could bear. I did my duty by her in that sad time; but I couldn't save her, dying as she was for want of food and rest. One afternoon she was lying on her poor bed, which had but little covering left, while I was doing my best to complete her ironing. Her eyes were closed, and she breathed heavily, as though asleep; so that I was rather startled to hear her call me, "Clem! Clem!" in a weak voice, that yet sounded eager too. I ran to her with the iron still in my hand. "Put that down," said she, looking at me with a strange stare; "it don't matter now, my dear! Sit you here by me on the bed—I'll never iron no more, Clem! I an't long for this world, and I've seen such a deal of trouble in life that I'd be glad to go but for you. I would indeed," she cried, looking up solemnly. "I long to be 'where the wicked cease from troublin', and the weary are at rest.' There's little rest for the poor, seems to me, on this side the grave; but there's rest for them with God. Oh, my dear!"—she gave a great gasping sigh—"I'd die happy if I could but see th' master, and tell him what's in my mind about my boy. And I'd like him to say a prayer there—just where you sits—and close my eyes, as he did my old man's. Why is the dear master away?"

My heart felt dead within me. I couldn't cry. I could do nothing but stroke and kiss her hands. I couldn't realize losing her. It seemed to me impossible that I should be left there all alone—a helpless orphan of fifteen. I tried to say a prayer for her; but my tongue was parched, and I could scarcely speak the words. She did not heed it—she seemed all strange and wandering. "I've such a longing for beef-tea," she said presently, fixing her eye on me with a hungry, eager gaze that reminded me of a starving dog I had once seen; "a cup of th' master's beef-tea would do me such good now!"—she laughed a wild laugh. "And he'd give it me, if it was the last drop he had in the house—I know he would."

I looked in the cupboard. There was a stale quarter of a loaf, and just a pinch of tea in a blue paper; that was all. I made her a cup of the latter, and she sipped a little of it. "Ah! it an't like beef-tea, my dear!" she said, with a long shuddering sigh. "*That'd* set me up again, p'r'aps!" She took my hand and kissed it. "Clem, my boy! you've been a good son to me, and you'll always do what th' master says, I know? He'll be a friend to you when I'm gone."

I threw myself on the bed and implored her not to talk so. I felt as if I should go mad. I felt I must endeavor to procure her some help, though I knew not how nor where. I got a poor widow whom she had been often good to (she was a kind soul, was mother!) to come and stay in our room, and finish the ironing. Then I ran out, half crazy. It was just Christmas-time, and all the shops were full of provisions; every thing that could tempt a poor starving boy. I ran till I had reached a better quarter of the town than ours; then I stopped to take breath. I was near a large butcher's shop, about which there was quite a crowd of people, buying meat in the cold dim afternoon. There scarcely seemed enough shopmen to attend to so many. I stood there, idly watching, as one after another walked away provided. *There* was beef in plenty—beef that might save mother's life.

All at once, a woman standing near, who had been eagerly disputing with one of the shopmen about the price of a small piece of meat, threw it down and followed him to the other side of the counter. The meat fell on the pavement close by me. I stooped and picked it up. Then, quick as lightning, came the wrong thought—the irresistible temptation. "Take it," the devil whispered, "and save your mother." I slipped it under my ragged coat, and trembling, shivering with excitement, slunk away unperceived. I give you my word I did not realize at that moment what I was doing. I was absorbed in the unexpected delight of having obtained beef-tea for mother! I walked slowly away, not daring to look behind me. Suddenly a sound caught my ear—a fearful sound—"*Stop thief!*" Could it—could it be me they were meaning? The doubt was enough! I flew like an arrow from a bow, knowing nothing, thinking nothing but to escape from that horrible detection, which all at once rose and glared at me like a spectre. I a *thief!* Madly I tore on; and as I turned the corner of a street I looked back. Ah! there were people running—following me! I saw them in that glimpse. And louder and louder came the cry, "*Stop thief! stop thief!*"

My brain seemed on fire—my heart ready to burst. Still I dashed on; till at last I came so violently against some obstacle that I was hurled to the ground and lay for an instant stunned. But I was up again immediately—up again, the blood streaming from my forehead, and on I flew, faster if possible than before. But that fall had given my pursuers an advantage; and now they were fast gaining upon me. Those I passed, too, turned to watch my headlong flight, and some swelled the train. I heard them pressing close at my heels, and felt it was indeed all up. By a sudden impulse I hurled the meat away, and made one more convulsive effort—the effort of despair. It was the last. In another moment I was seized from behind, and bleeding, ghastly to look upon, found myself in the grasp of a couple of stout policemen.

My cap was off—my face was covered with blood—I felt as though I should never get breath again, so violent had been my efforts—so great my previous weakness. But I did not faint. I kept my senses, as dragged, borne along between these two relentless giants, I was stared at, sworn at, followed by the butcher and his assistants, and a mob of the lowest description. And as we hurried past the corner of one street I beheld a vision of a face I knew—a face pale, open-mouthed, horror-struck—that of a neighbor in our court. "Mercy save us!" I heard her cry, "if it an't Clem! Clem took for thieving! Clem! Oh! what ever'll his poor mother do? *It'll be her death!*"

I had fearful paroxysms of despair during the night. The idea of self-destruction was continually present to me. Again and again I asked myself if it were really I that had done this thing—I, so honest hitherto! Yes, I *had* done it.

Such offenses as mine had become fearfully frequent in that time of scarcity, and the magistrates were forced to be severe for the sake of example. I went into court with a sullen, dogged countenance. I saw the crowd of staring faces, and heard strange words; but it was as though I neither saw nor heard, till one voice suddenly sounded in my ears; and then, indeed, I started as though I had been struck, and my whole soul was riveted in attention. *Philip Steele was giving evidence against me.*

Phil Steele had seen me standing by the butcher's stall, watching the customers as they came and went. He had seen me take up the meat (he did not say from the ground), conceal it under my coat, and hurry away. He had instantly informed the shopmen of the theft, and had joined in their pursuit of me. All this he told in a clear ringing voice, and with a boyish simplicity of manner, that at once insured belief. He was praised not only for the propriety with which he gave his evidence then, but for his prompt information of the theft at the time. But for the latter I should have escaped unpunished, as no one but he had observed me take the meat, though many besides the policemen had seen me throw it away afterward.

This monster, whom my mother had won back from the very gates of death, had watched and betrayed the widow's son! I fixed my eye upon him—a murderous, Cain-like eye—but I did not speak. I scorned to do so *there*. The time would come when I would both speak and act. For I would have revenge, even if I died for it.

My heart was now harder than ever. I resisted all threats, I refused to answer all questions. I stood there mute, scowling, defiant, like a hunted animal brought to bay. They might do with me what they would. I no longer cared. But when suddenly I saw in the distance the pale face of my master—(oh, how changed!)—and saw the grieved expression of his pitying eyes, then all at once my strength gave way, my stubborn mood melted like snow before the fire. Stretching out my hands toward him, with an exceeding bitter and grievous cry, I shrieked out, "Master! master! I *did* take it! But mother was starving! And, oh, I wish I had starved myself before ever I did this thing!"

CHAPTER II.

I WENT into prison an honest lad, honest at heart, in spite of the evil thing I had done. I came out of it a thief in intention and consent. I met with thieves there, men whose profession it was to steal, and I promised to become their pal. They told me of plenty of victuals to be had, and a joyous, exciting life: they told me that as an honest lad I was done for; that I might live for years and years, and refrain from dishonesty forever, but sooner or later my "trouble" would find me out, and drag me down again; they told me all this, and I believed and yielded to them. What chance had I otherwise?

So when the time came I slunk out of prison, meaning to betake myself to the place agreed upon with my new pals, and then try to find out something about mother. But, as though he had all along read my thoughts, the master was standing as it were in the breach; and when, ashamed and angry, I strove to avoid him, he seized and held me fast. "No, Clem! you will come home with me—I must have you." "I can't, Sir!" I answered, savagely; "I'll never come to you again. It's no use—I won't." "You will!" he said, grasping me with a strong hand as I struggled to release myself, hating him almost for his interference. "You will come, if only for your mother's sake."

He overruled me, as he always did. He had a strange power, that man—not to be resisted. He made me go with him; but I was well determined to give him the slip the very first opportunity. I would have nothing more to do with honesty or him. It didn't pay to be honest; and it did pay, it appeared, to be a thief. He led me into his house, keeping hold of me with that strong, earnest grasp of his, past his small parlor, up into an empty garret. Then he locked the door, took the key, and releasing me, sat down.

"Clem," he said, in low, serious tones, "you have committed what in the eyes of men is an unpardonable fault; but God judgeth not as man judgeth. You can be honest yet, and you *shall* be honest. Yes, hear me out. You are one of my boys—my sons, as I consider them; and I am answerable for you. You shall *not* be turned from good. I know—I know all your grief—your struggles—your temptation, but I will help you through all. Trust in me. You sha'n't be dragged down to vice and infamy while I live."

I was silent. I sat looking at him with tearless eyes—hard as iron. I steeled myself against him. I would not be his again.

"Look at that bed," he continued; "there your mother died; there I closed her eyes, and the last words she uttered were a prayer for you—that you might be kept from the evil—that she might meet you again where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Her very words! Dead! Mother! Ah!

I hid my face.

"She never knew what—what you did. I thank God I was able to keep that worst grief from her. I brought her here not three hours after you were taken, after my own return home, that she might be safe from hearing it. Clem, she died full of peace—happy—blessing you—praying that you might keep honest, as she had done. And she left you this ring."

He took from his pocket mother's wedding-ring and held it out to me.

"But before I give it to you you shall promise me to be honest for her sake. Clem, perhaps she sees you now! Who knows?"

It was no use trying to resist him. I was like wax in his hands. Before we quitted that garret I told him all—all my piteous tale—*the way in which I did it*—scarcely knowing how myself—the despair afterward—the indifference—the falling away and consent to a life of sin. And I had promised to give up all, and, whatever the cost, to bear all, not for her sake alone, whom I should see no more on earth, but for his, who in her desolate bereavement had taken her to his own home and been unto her as a son.

And into his own home he now took me too. He said it was the only way to shield me from the first bitter consequences of my own act. He said that when the others saw he trusted, he forgave me, they would learn in time to do the same, and no one would dare reproach or mock me in his presence. So I ate of his bread and drank of his cup, sleeping in the little garret where my mother died, mourning for her with many tears; doing what I could, in my poor way, to serve the good man who had had compassion on me; loving him with an unspeakable affection; learning more and more every day of his wondrous excellence of heart and life. That was a period of peace and happy feeling, in spite of the many mortifications from which, do what he would, he could not shield me. I shrank with extreme sensitiveness from all contact with the outer world; dreading the sight of every familiar face; smarting under the sneers I too often met with, and, worse still, the cold avoidance with which too many passed me by. Gladly would I have shut myself up within his sheltering walls; but this he would not suffer. I must be brave, he said, and meet manfully what I had brought on myself. I must live down evil recollections—overcome evil opinion. The first shock of the moral shower-bath was bad enough; but each moment made it easier to bear, and it was both healthful and bracing. So, with his hand on my shoulder, he drew me, with what inward shame who can imagine, to the school, to face all those curious eyes, bear with the thousand slights that met me at every turn; to start and shiver under any chance allusion from childish lips to such deeds as mine had been; to suffer at every moment unheard-of pangs, yet keep a calm face. Ah! it was a sore trial, but he upheld me through all. His kind eye was ever on me; his voice had a peculiar gentleness when he addressed me; in a thousand ways he sought to show his boys that he trusted, loved, hoped in me yet. I knew not then, but I learned long afterward, how he had prepared them all for my return, appealing to them for his sake, to be forbearing toward an erring brother, who had bitterly repented of his sin.

And at home the gentle lady vied with her husband in showing me confidence. I helped their solitary maid-servant all I could, thus preparing myself for a page's place when the master should find one for me. One day he was talking to a brother curate about me, and urging him to try and get me one. I was minding the baby—as they still called their sweet two-years-old boy—who had grown quite fond of me now, and would cry after me when I left the room.

"And you're not afraid to recommend him? You think you're wise to trust that boy?" Mr. Greathed said, glancing at me sideways with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise.

I paused in my jumping of the little fellow, and listened breathless for the reply. I hated Mr. Greathed for his distrust.

"Afraid!" my master cried, turning also, and meeting my eye with that frank, cheery glance of his. "No, I haven't a particle of fear. And I don't think—I *know* I'm wise to trust him."

How I blessed him for his generous confidence in me! How with a great inward sob I said to myself that I would never, *never* betray it!

I have said that he encouraged his boys to talk to him. In that way I now learned much of his inner life and heart. Often, after a long day's labor, hard enough to knock up the strongest man, when I brought in his bottle of fresh water the last thing at night, he would push aside a half-finished lecture or sermon, turn to the fire, and say, with a brisk, kindly voice, "Now, Clem, my boy! I've just half an hour for you. What have you got to say or to ask?" Once, as he tried to scrape together the remains of the nearly extinguished fire, I was struck with the unusual weariness of his look.

"You seem very tired, Sir!" I said.

"I am tired," he replied; "leg weary and brain weary. You see I'm not quite the man I was before I had that fever, Clem, my boy!"

"Why do you work so hard, Sir? You wear yourself out."

"Better that than rusting out, surely."

"But I don't see what you gain by it. It don't seem to make you any richer."

He smiled one of his own radiant smiles. "No," he cried, still trying to collect the scattered embers, "not in one sense, certainly. I'm poor enough; so poor that I don't dare to use any more of those coals, for fear we should run short to-morrow. But we'll have a little warmth, nevertheless." And going out briskly, he presently returned with a few pieces of an old hamper, with Glass painted on it in large letters. "That'll do!" he exclaimed, with quite a boyish pleasure, as after a while a bright flame sprang up, over which he spread his thin hands, shivering, but cheery as ever. "That's capital! Now, Clem, you asked me why I worked so hard, when it don't seem to make me any richer. Tell me—why did you give up all thought of thieving lately?"

I shuddered. Scarcely could I bear an allusion to that horror, even from him. I hung my head, and answered, "Out of love to you, Sir. And out of gratitude."

"Exactly—to *your* master. And I work hard for the same reason—out of love and gratitude to mine. And my pay is—what no other master gives—not gold, better than that—"

"What then, Sir?"

"Happiness! peace! hope! love! all those! *Real* riches."

You can no more imagine the expression of his face as he uttered those words than I can describe it. When he spoke of his Master he glanced upward, as though seeing Him, and his countenance became rapt, solemn, full of adoration. I had beheld something of the same look in him before; when excited by the subject on which he was preaching he carried all hearts with him, and drew tears from many eyes. But in a few minutes he was his own cheery self again, full of interest about me, whom he had in a manner forgotten before.

"Clem, I have a question to put to you."

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you forgiven Phil?"

I paused a moment before I replied. Then I said boldly, "No, Sir; and never shall."

I ought to mention that he had often put this question to me before, and I had always returned the same answer.

"I thought you would do any thing for my sake."

"So I would—any thing but that, Sir. I shall never forgive Philip Steele. I have promised you to give up the revenge I once thought of, and that should be enough."

"No, it is not enough. I must have the forgiveness too."

"Sir, the other day you asked me the same question, and I nearly made a vow that I would never forgive Philip."

"Clem, you tell me that—"

"I didn't make it, Sir; but I *could* have done so. You see I don't wish to forgive him. He is base, ungrateful, cowardly. He returned my mother evil for good. I *never* will forgive him!"

There was a pause. He sat looking at the fire in silence. "Clem," said he, after some time, "I shall speak of this no more; at least not now. Perhaps it was too soon to do so at all. But mark my words—we sitting watching that flame—you *must* forgive Phil."

As if to give additional effect to his words the flame went suddenly out.

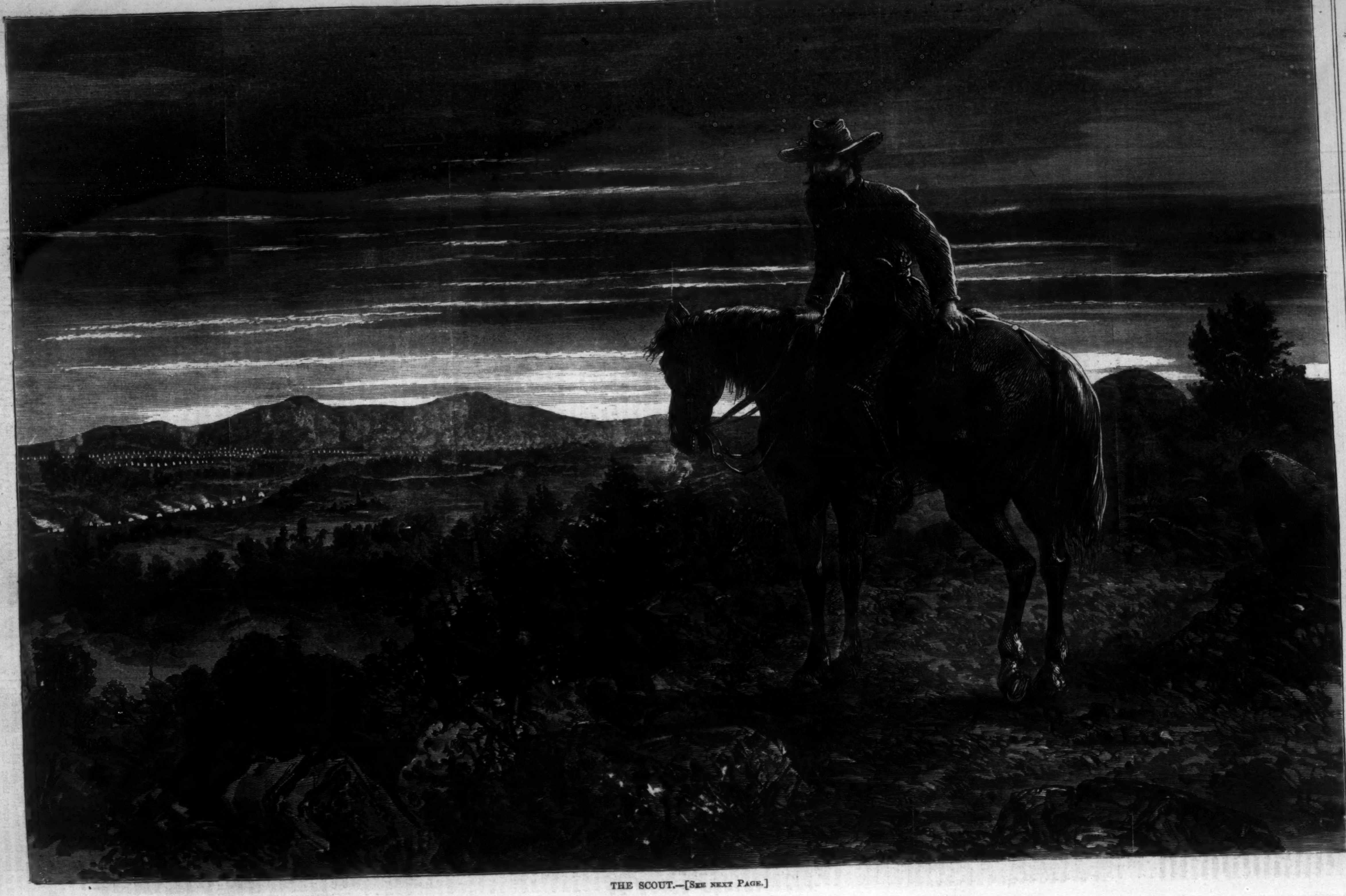
I felt miserable. I believed in him implicitly; but I could not give up my resentment. It seemed to me unjust to ask it. It was my right. I clung to it. I cherished it. I *would* keep it in spite of him.

No more was said at that time; but some days later, as I was "minding the baby," he paused to watch us both, and said, "It's pleasant, isn't it, Clem, to serve those one loves?"

I looked up, all my heart in my eyes. "It is indeed, Sir."

"But it is a better pleasure to serve those one hates; for then we must cease to hate them. No one can go on hating those they benefit; it is not in our human nature. So, if a man who harbored resentment against another for some great injury, were to ask me how he should set about getting rid of that resentment, I should say, 'Do good to him, serve him, pray for him. You'll find you *have* forgiven him after that.'"

He spoke with a great earnestness, a solemnity even that impressed his words upon my mind. But they didn't convince me. Do good to Phil Steele! pray for him! I would die sooner. Rather I would give the world to crush him, as he had crushed me.



THE SCOUT.—[See next Page.]

THE SCOUT.

We call the attention of our readers to the sketch engraved on the preceding page. No feature connected with our military operations is so interesting or so abundant in thrilling incident as what is called the secret service. This has been especially the case in the West. For the most part the details of this service have been hidden from the public. It was necessary that it should be, both for the success of important movements and for the sake of the gallant heroes engaged in this branch of the service. This veil of secrecy has covered in temporary obscurity the most romantic incidents of the war—incidents, too, upon which oftentimes the fate of battles has hung. These will some time be made known, and will form an interesting portion of the history of this war, relieving the tedious details of marches and manœuvres.

GENERAL HAZEN.

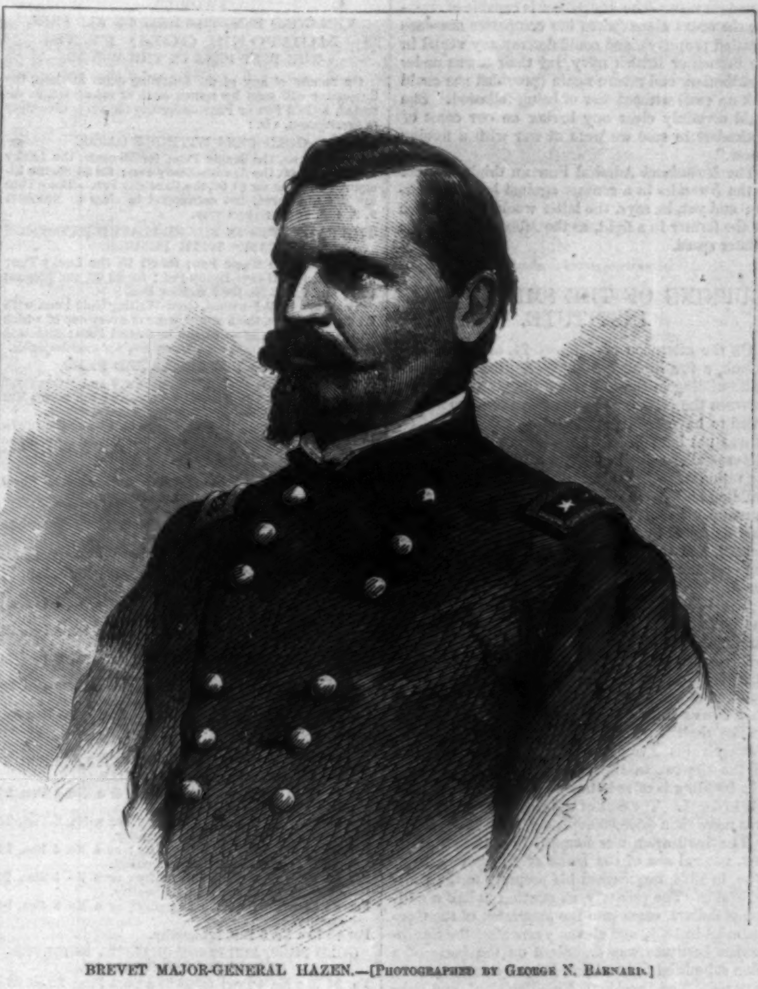
We give on this page a portrait of Brevet Major-General William B. Hazen, the hero of Fort M'Allister. General Hazen is a native of Vermont, from which State he was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1855, with the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant. He entered the war in November, 1861, as Colonel of the Forty-first Ohio Regiment. This regiment was afterward attached to Palmer's division of the Army of the Cumberland, in which General Hazen commanded a brigade from January, 1862. This was the Nineteenth Brigade, of Nelson's old division, and which had marched with that General to Shiloh, followed him to Corinth, and through the summer campaign in Western Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, and afterward had participated in the Kentucky campaign in the fall of 1862. General Hazen took an important part in the battle of Murfreesborough, or Stone River, on the right of Rosecrans's left wing. His brigade held an important position in that battle, and but for his persistent defense the partial disaster of the 31st of December would have been turned into defeat. General Hazen commands a division of the Fifteenth Corps.

FROM SAVANNAH.

We give on this page, and on pages 88 and 89, several interesting sketches from our special artists in Savannah. Soon after the Federal occupation of the city General Sherman gave the citizens the privilege of staying quietly at home or of taking their departure for some other point in the Confederacy. Accordingly, those who were not disposed to remain under the protecting folds of the old flag were quietly ordered to take passage on the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*. Captain Audinried, of General Sherman's staff, had charge of the flag of truce that was to take them through.

General Sherman has instituted careful reviews of his entire army previous to its entrance upon a new campaign. General Barry conducted the review of the artillery, which is in a splendid condition. The cavalry under Kilpatrick is pronounced fit for any service.

The campaign upon which General Sherman has entered is of stupendous proportions, and the resistance to be overcome will probably be very great.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL HAZEN.—[Photographed by George N. Barnard.]

GENERAL WAGNER.

The country has not forgotten the heroes of the Battle of Franklin, fought November 30, 1864. Prominent among these was Brigadier-General G. D. Wagner. The line of battle, it will be remembered, was formed by General Schofield so as to cover Franklin. The Fourth Corps under Stanley held the right, and the Twenty-third under Cox the left; Wagner's brigade, of the Twenty-fourth, connected with Riley's of the Fourth, forming the centre. It was against this point that, the rebel army under Hood directed its most impetuous charges. Our readers remember how Wagner and Riley met these repeated charges, until, overborne by superior numbers, they fell back; and how, being reinforced, they again recovered their ground, taking a large number of prisoners. General Wagner entered the war as Colonel of the Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers, and gained great distinction in the West Virginia campaign, in the autumn of 1861.

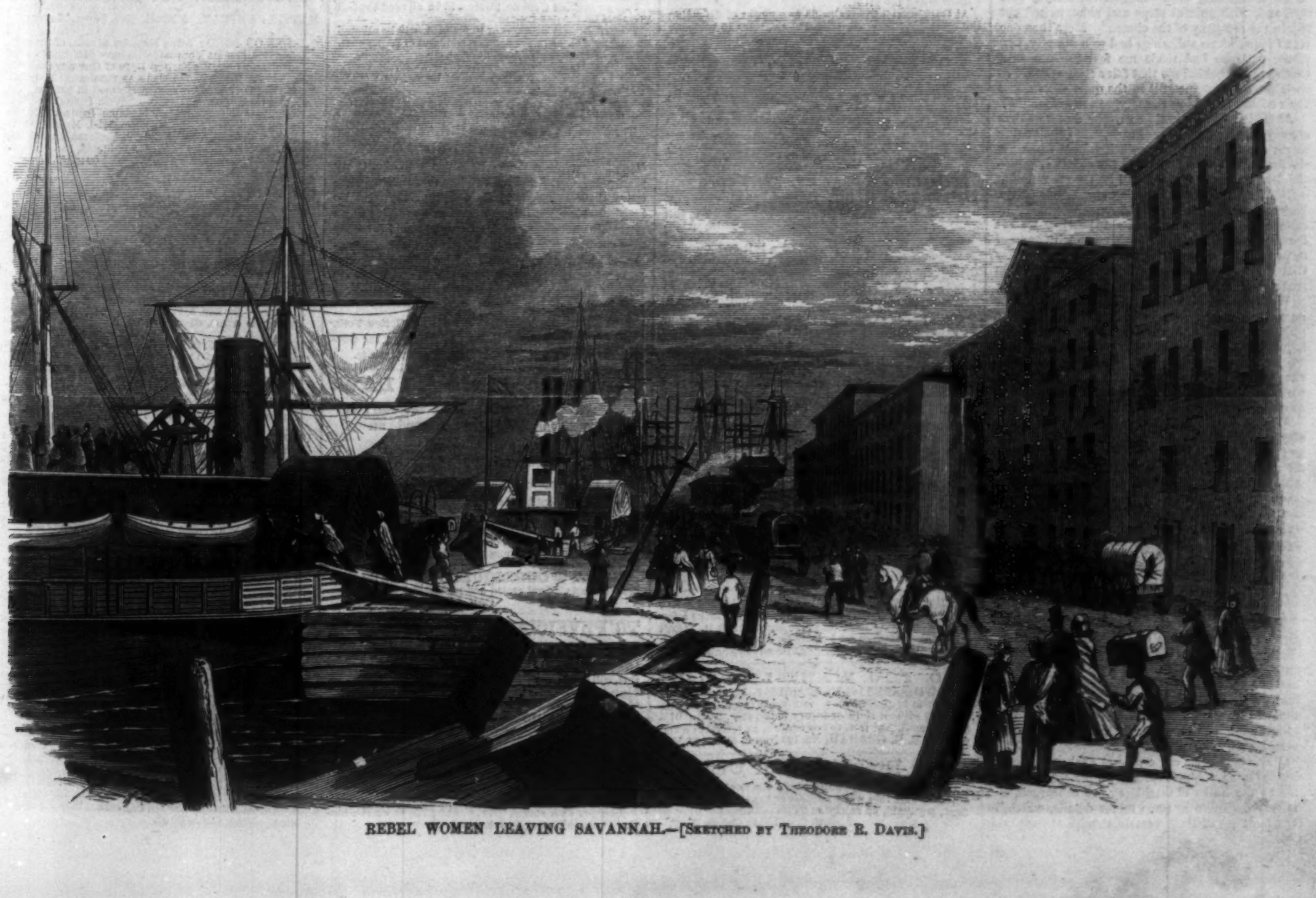
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

The world's ear is full of cries from the shadow-land of rebel barbarism, where suffering and death sit at every prison-door, and starvation walks at the side of every captive. Thousands of true hearts at the North have bled at the recital of the horrors of the Libey, of Andersonville, Danville, and Salisbury; and far lands, looking across the ocean, have shuddered as the spectacle of rebel barbarity developed before their eyes, wondering how, in a Christian land, such things could be. It is perhaps an old story now; but if you will let me, I will tell you what I have seen and felt and know of slave-holders' mercy while yet the touch of their fierce cruelty is upon me.

My introduction into the living death at Andersonville occurred on the 7th of July last, and I remained in its clutch until the 22d of October following. In all that period not one gleam of comfort illuminated the misery of our bondage. The camp embraced thirty acres, surrounded by a stockade twelve feet high. Here during the month of August 30,000 prisoners were crowded together like cattle, for the most part without any shelter whatever from the heat or frequent rains. At night, during rainy weather, they lay on the ground in groups, remaining thus until morning, wet to the skin, and with no fire to dry their scanty clothing. Occasionally the days were intensely hot, followed by rainy nights, inducing necessarily sickness among all except the more robust, the want of proper food predisposing the system to disease. The daily fare consisted of less than a pint of meal, four spoonfuls of rice, three spoonfuls of beans, and two ounces of bacon; sometimes, however, only a part of these articles were received, and then in a damaged state. A favorite dish consisted in taking a pint of meal, mixing it with water, and making it into dumplings about the size of an egg, which were boiled with pieces of bacon of the size of marbles until they floated on the top of the soup thus made. Then taking out the dumplings, we cut them open and poured in the soup—having thus a dish which to us was a luxury, though in other times we would not have insulted our palates by offering them such a "mess." Sometimes we made coffee by burning pieces of corn-bread, and boiling it in tin cups, drinking the product, of course, without either sugar or milk. At other times, in the absence of other food, we dug up roots and ate them.

There being no sanitary regulations in the camp, and no proper medical provisions, sickness and death were inevitable accompaniments of our imprisonment. Thousands of the prisoners were so afflicted with scurvy that their limbs were ready to drop from their bodies. I have seen the maggots scooped out by the handful from the sores of these sufferers. I have seen others, mere skeletons, wasted by disease, dying by inches, with not an ounce of medicine, nor a hand lifted any where among those in charge of the camp for their relief. On one occasion, when a physician gave notice that he would examine a portion of the sick men, over three thousand poor wretches, scarcely able to crawl, appeared before him; some carried on stretchers, and others in blankets, carried by comrades. Many lay before the physician in the last throes of death; and several, who were taken up alive, were corpses before reaching the point appointed for the examination, which, after all, amounted only to an inspection. On another occasion a gang of men were employed two hours and a half in carrying out the dead from a section of the camp known as the hospital. On one day in August no less than one hundred and sixty prisoners died, and the average was about ninety deaths daily. From the 1st of March to the 16th of September *sixteen thousand* Federal soldiers, prisoners of war, were carried from that camp to the dead man's trench and the felon's burial! The method of burial was usually as follows:



REBEL WOMEN LEAVING SAVANNAH.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

The dead were gathered up by detachments of the prisoners, and carried outside of the stockade, where they were laid in a row under a cluster of trees. Thence the bodies were carried in wagons, into which they were thrown at random, to a ditch at some distance from the camp, where they were tumbled out, covered with a thin layer of earth, and so left. Many a brave and loyal soldier of the Republic, who had won honorable scars in the battle's van, found thus at last the burial of a dog at rebel hands.

But our tormentors did not confine their cruelty to depriving us of proper food and medical attendance. They had another devil's device for maiming and killing, namely, "THE DEAD LINE." This line consisted of a row of stakes driven into the ground—with boards fastened on the top—at a distance of about fifteen feet from the stockade on the inner side. This line was closely watched by a guard, and any prisoner who approached it—and many often unconsciously did, and as, in the crowd, was often unavoidable—was instantly shot dead. Frequently the guard fired indiscriminately into a crowd; on one occasion I saw one man killed and another wounded, both of whom were innocent and standing some distance from the line. There was a standing order that any sentinel who killed a Union soldier for approaching the Dead Line should receive a furlough for two months; and, for wounding one, a furlough for one month. This order not only offered a premium for murder, but encouraged the guard in other outrages, against which we had no defense whatever.

Perhaps you wonder what we did in the long days and nights of our imprisonment? What *could* we do? Crowd thirty thousand sick, starving, dying men into a space of thirty acres, and what opportunity is there for any thing but suffering? In all our camp there were but two streets—"Broadway" and "Market" we called them—neither over ten feet wide; and it was impossible, even had we been disposed, to indulge in games or amusements of any athletic nature in avenues like these, along which, lying in the sun or under the starlight, dead men could be seen, pale and ghastly, at any hour of the day or night. What did we do? We talked of home; of wives, mothers, and sisters, upon whose faces we did not expect, many of us, ever to look again; talked drearily of battles past and woes to come. What are they thinking and doing at home? Do they miss us, and long for our coming? Are they all still among the living? These were the questions we debated with ourselves and with one another. But chiefly we talked of our daily fare; dwelling with childish pleasure upon those rare meals which more nearly satisfied our clamoring appetites. The nearer we came to starvation the more we talked of choice and dainty dishes; planning for ourselves feasts of all toothsome things in the day when relief should come; counting up on our fingers the rare substantials and desserts with which our palates should be regaled in that coming time.

At length, on the 27th of October, an order came for the removal of all but six thousand of the prisoners from Andersonville to Millen. How hope stirred within us at the good news! How all clamored to go! How the pallid faces of the dying grew paler still when, begging to be removed, they were told they must remain! Remain to die—to die away from home and friends, with no soft hand to smooth the rough way into the rest that is starless! No more hope for them! How other faces grew bright at the prospect of deliverance! How scores of weak, suffering ones dragged themselves into line, and, with painful steps and slow, passed out to join the company of the chosen! More than one poor fellow, whose sufferings had won my pity, and whose patience had made me feel for him as a brother, I left behind me that fair autumn day; but their faces haunt me still in the quiet nights, and their sobbing good-bys sound yet in my ears.

At Millen we remained four weeks, and were then conveyed to Savannah for exchange. I shall never forget the feeling that overwhelmed me when, for the first time in months, I saw the old flag again—the dear old flag under which I had so often fought—for which I was ready to die in honorable battle. How we cried when we found ourselves under its folds on the deck of a loyal ship! How we sat down in groups and talked softly one with another of home and friends, and wondered whether, now that the boon we had all so longed for was within reach, we should really reach and enjoy it!

Well, we hoisted anchor and sailed out upon the pure, fresh sea, and came at last to Annapolis, a sick, maimed, emaciated company. There kind hands cared for us, kind welcomes cheered us, and we knew that we were home at last—home, with the arms of a great nation around us, sheltering and sustaining us with the great love of a noble, loyal heart.

When I left the camp at Millen my apparel consisted only of a blouse, pants, and shoes. Many had not even the blouse; some were without shoes; all were ragged, lean, and wretched. But Father Abraham has reclothed us since then—those of us who are left—with the loyal blue, and, God willing, we will wear it again in the battle's front, as, under the old flag, we, with the Cause, keep marching on! E. H. T.

NEWARK, *January*, 1865.

THE MONITOR "MONADNOCK."

THE Monitor *Monadnock*, a sketch of which we give on page 84, is one of our most efficient iron-clads. She is 1564 tons, and mounts four 15-inch guns. She was built at the Boston Navy-yard, and has two turrets. Her length is 259 feet 6 inches, her breadth 53 feet, with a depth of hold of 12½ feet. She was launched March 23, 1864. Admiral PORTER, alluding in one of his official reports to this vessel, says:

"She could ride out a gale at anchor in the Atlantic Ocean. She is certainly a perfect success so far as the hull and machinery are concerned, and is only defective in some minor details, which, in the building of these vessels, require the superintendence of a thorough seaman and a practical and ingenious man. The *Monadnock* is capable of crossing the ocean alone (when her compasses are once adjusted properly), and could destroy any vessel in the French or British navy, lay their towns under contribution, and return again (provided she could pick up coal) without fear of being followed. She could certainly clear any harbor on our coast of blockaders in case we were at war with a foreign power."

The *Monadnock* Admiral PORTER thinks inferior to the *Ironsides* in a contest against heavy batteries; and yet, he says, the latter would be no match for the former in a fight, as the *Monadnock* has the greater speed.

BURNING OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

ON the afternoon of January 24, at about three o'clock, a fire broke out in the Smithsonian Institute building in the loft above the picture-gallery, between the ceiling and the roof. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by a defective flue. It was not long before the ceiling fell in, and the picture-gallery was in a sheet of flame. The conflagration was nearly altogether confined to the main building and above the first story, in which was the museum. Unfortunately, the latter was considerably damaged by water. The wings were not much burned, and the library in the west wing, containing over one hundred thousand volumes, was uninjured.

The loss by the fire includes the lecture room, the philosophical laboratory with most of the instruments, the originals of private records, and the archives of the institution, together with the destruction of the pictures in the gallery. About two hundred of STANLEY'S pictures were here, of which only five or six were saved.

The Smithsonian Institute is located south of Pennsylvania Avenue, on a slight eminence west of the Capitol, in the midst of a beautiful park. The building is of red standstone, 450 feet front by 140 in depth. The cost of the building and grounds was more than $300,000.

The Institution was founded by JAMES SMITHSON, natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, who, in 1826, bequeathed his property to the United States. The property, amounting to half a million of dollars, came into the possession of the Government in 1835, and eleven years after the Smithsonian Institute was organized on the basis of a plan submitted to President POLK by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. The President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, the Chief Justice, the Commissioner of Patents, and the Mayor of Washington form the board of directors.

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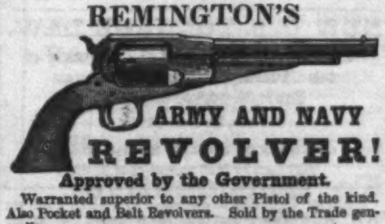

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